

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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PEACE ON EARTH, GOODWILL TO MEN

A CHRISTMAS BOX FOR ALL THE WORLD IRELAND TO BE HAPPY AT LAST

Free State Within the British Commonwealth

HOW THE GREAT PEACE CAME

Ireland is at Peace. The long, long quarrel is ended.

The age-old strife, the generations of struggling for self-government, the lives of sacrifice of a long line of heroic men, the tyrannies and crimes on both sides, and the wonderful endurance on both sides—all is over at this Christmastide.

The Irish leaders have given to the Irish people the Christmas Box of a Free State; the British Government has given to the world the Christmas Box of a Peace for which English-speaking people everywhere have prayed.

For months the efforts to bring peace have been going on; for weeks it has seemed that peace was in the balance, and that war might break out any day between the sister nations; and the news that Peace was settled came like a blessing straight from Heaven itself to a world that was weary of this age-long strife.

Last Hours Before Peace

The last hours leading up to the Peace were very dramatic.

In the foggy air of a London December night half a dozen men were going in and out of No. 10, Downing Street. It is a house with a long and vivid history, the official residence of the Prime Minister, and inside a conference had been sitting most of the day, in the famous room which witnessed the fateful decision that led to the loss of the American colonies and the solemn midnight decision of August 4, 1914, when the British Empire went out into the Valley of the Shadow.

Once more a midnight decision was taking place, as momentous as any that could be imagined.

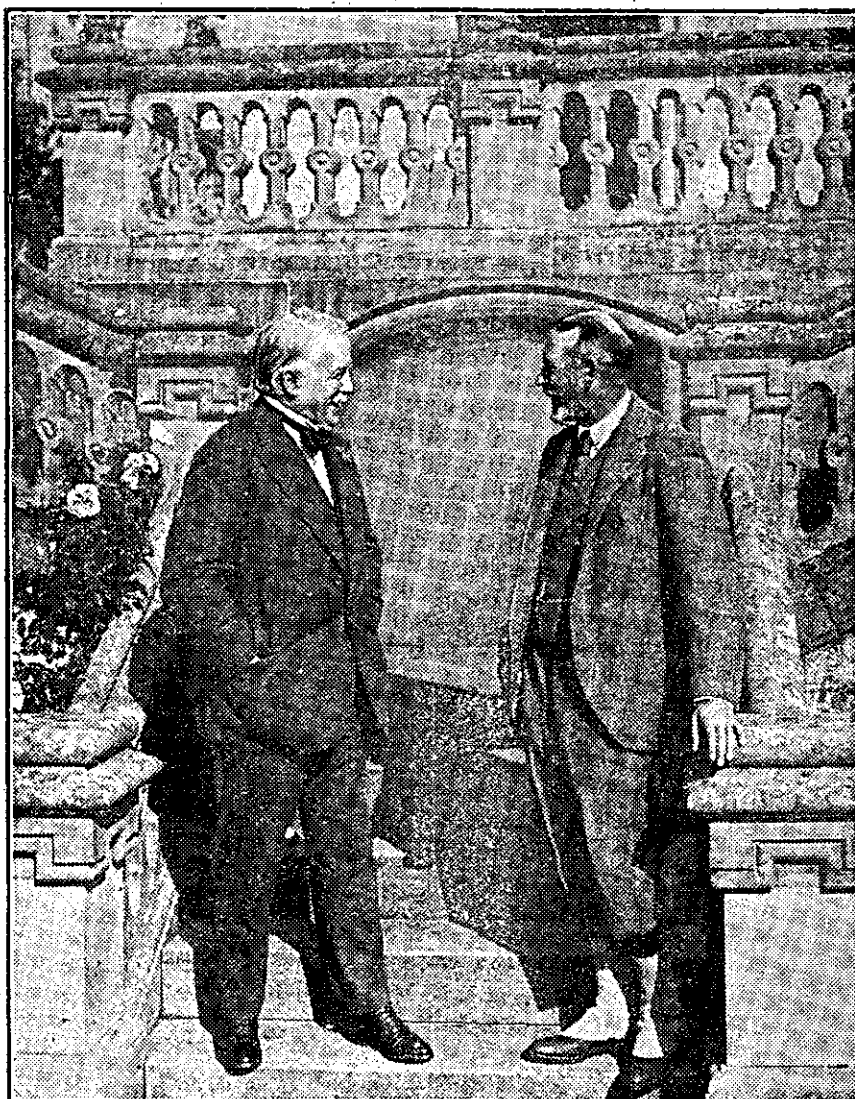
All day there had been comings and goings. In the evening the Prime Minister had seen the King, and told him that the long negotiations over a Free Ireland had come at last to the point at which they must either be successful or be broken off.

Then there were meetings and discussions and wranglings and suggestions and refusals until between seven and eight o'clock at night. The Irish delegates went away at this hour to discuss what their final answer should be.

Triumph at Last

The trouble centred chiefly round the oath that should be taken by Irish members of Parliament. They would not agree, the Irish delegates said, to swear "allegiance" to the King. "Unless you do," retorted the Prime Minister, "we can't give you the same position in the Empire as Canada and Australia and South Africa enjoy."

They Did What Cromwell Could Not Do



It is due to the Prime Minister and the King to say that all mankind owe them a debt of gratitude for one of the greatest acts of statesmanship in our British history. For three centuries the policy of Force has failed in Ireland. Cromwell tried it in vain and bequeathed to the world generations of enduring hatred. At last a government has tried the wiser way, and Mr. Lloyd George has done what Oliver Cromwell failed to do.

"Empire?" said the Irishmen. "We don't want any position in an Empire."

That was at 7.30. Four hours later they came back to Downing Street still in the same frame of mind.

Then began the final tussle, the supreme effort to find words that would be acceptable to both sides. The dispute was all about words, as disputes very often are. The fog outside seemed to get into the room, and to hide realities, while the debate went on briskly and sometimes hotly.

Then it was that the legal mind of the Lord Chancellor appears to have come into play, and the way out was found by drawing up a form of oath which is satisfactory to all parties and is accepted by the Irish leaders as quite in keeping with the idea of a Free State in the British Commonwealth. This is the oath each member of the Irish Parliament will take:

I do solemnly swear true faith and allegiance to the Constitution of the Irish Free State as by law established, and that I will be faithful to his Majesty King George V, his heirs and successors by law, in virtue of the common

citizenship of Ireland with Great Britain and her adherence to, and membership of, the group of nations forming the British Commonwealth of Nations.

"Now we will sign," said the Irish delegates, at about a quarter past two in the morning. The Prime Minister signed first, then Mr. Austen Chamberlain, then the Lord Chancellor, and then Mr. Winston Churchill; and the five Irish delegates—Mr. Arthur Griffith, Mr. Michael Collins, Mr. Robert Barton, Mr. E. J. Duggan, and Mr. Gavan Duffy—all signed their names in Irish, the first names in Erse, perhaps, to appear in a modern State document.

Everybody smiled across the table; everybody shook hands; and everybody went home tired, but all, we hope, to sleep soundly after as good and proud a piece of work as has ever been accomplished in this famous house.

As we go to press it is clear that there will be some difficulty in settling down to the new conditions, and some hostility from extremists on both sides; but it is humanly certain that the beginning of a new era has come for the Emerald Isle.

LARKS SINGING FOUR MILES HIGH

GLORY OF THE HEIGHTS OF EVEREST

Wonderful Cargo of Birds, Mammals, Insects, and Plants
EXPEDITION TREASURES

Here is a tale of high life from the mountain peaks. The Mount Everest expedition has returned to London, bringing a veritable wonder cargo of birds, mammals, insects, and plants gathered from the dizzy heights.

Among the treasures are a sparrow which was flourishing at a height of nearly 19,000 feet; several species of larks, one of which is believed to be peculiar to Everest; wagtails, white-headed robins, a chough, a mountain cuckoo, rose finches, bullfinches, a wonderful blue bird; all manner of high-flying moths and butterflies; various mountain insects—including bees and fleas!—frogs and fishes from the mountain streams, and some quadrupeds.

And, of course, there are innumerable plants, including delphiniums, pinks, primulas, gentians, and dwarf rhododendrons believed to be new to science, together with scores of packets of seeds, the most notable in origin being some from an edelweiss found growing above the 19,000-foot line.

Nature News From the Mountains

Enough seed has come home to enable Kew to raise plants to cover the mountain ranges of Europe in time, so that in a few years we might, if it were desirable, effect a transformation in mountain flora such as would take Nature thousands of years to bring about.

But the whole of this marvellous collection of natural wonder teems with romantic suggestion. It means that chapters in the text-books dealing with the range of life in the heights will have to be rewritten. From previous knowledge we used to say that chamois and yaks were the only mammals to be found above 15,000 feet, but here we have mammals far higher than that, and little birds of azure plumage reigning as high as the vultures.

My Magazine has been telling us of life five miles down in the sea; here we have life four miles up in the air, a pyramid of living animals nine miles from its sea-steeped base to its summit in the clouds.

BUSY WIRELESS REALM

The international telegraphic office at Bern, in Switzerland, has prepared a list of wireless posts all over the world.

In 1921 they reached the figure of 13,694, comprising 977 land stations and 12,622 on ships. In 1913 there were 508 stations altogether; in 1918 there were 3998; and in 1920 the number was 6320. In one year, therefore, the number has been more than doubled.

THE IMPOSSIBLE TREATY

REPARATIONS AND WHAT THEY MEAN

Debt That Cannot be Paid in Gold

AND WHY IT CANNOT BE PAID IN GOODS

By Our Economic Correspondent

When the World War came to an end many people thought it would be possible to "make Germany pay" for its entire cost to the Allies. The Treaty made at Versailles, indeed, called upon Germany to pay a sum which might amount to 8000 million pounds. A French statesman estimated that the Treaty, properly read, meant that Germany must pay 15,000 million pounds!

Now, what does paying such an amount mean? Does it mean paying *Money*? The answer is No, because the money of one country is of no use to the people of another. German paper money is of no use to us except to light fires with.

If Gold Were Cheap

Does it mean paying *Gold*? Again the answer is No, and for three reasons: because such an amount of gold does not exist in all the world; because if it did exist it would not be worth having, as we require only small quantities of such a metal; because if it did exist it would not in any case be worth 8000 million pounds, for it would be plentiful, and therefore cheap. Gold is only dear now because there is so little of it.

We use gold to measure values just because it is scarce. Because it is a measure of value many people mistake it for value itself.

The fact is that payments are really made in goods or services. When we receive money we receive, in effect, goods or the right to buy goods. A rich man is a man not with plenty of money, but with plenty of goods. He has houses, motor-cars, furniture, jewellery, land, shares in companies, and so on.

Paying in Goods

Payments by one nation to another are made in goods—in coal or iron or clothes or timber or food or manufactured articles of many sorts. Therefore, when the Allies said to Germany: "You must pay 8000 million pounds," what they really said was, "You must pay 8000 million pounds' worth of goods."

The result of such a payment is now beginning to be understood.

If Germany could pay such an enormous mass of goods, it would throw out of work all the artisans of the Allied nations.

Indeed, the payments already made by Germany in the form of coal and ships have thrown idle tens of thousands of our British workers.

Why Rome Perished

That is why we see the grown-up newspapers talking about Reparations, as these indemnity payments are called, in quite a different way, after three years of confusion and despair. Those who said that Germany could pay thousands of millions did not really know much about the matter. Which shows how important it is to think twice before speaking once.

Does this mean that Germany can pay nothing? Not at all. She has already paid from three to four times as much as France paid to Germany after the Franco-German War of 1870. She has paid over all her ships and much coal, potash, dyes, and so on. A country like ours can take small or moderate quantities of some kinds of goods without

Continued in the next column

A PERFECTLY TRUE STORY

PATHOS OF A WAITING ROOM

Gréat Physician's Kindness to a Little Child

OLD SCHOOLMASTER AND HIS WIFE

The old schoolmaster and his wife sat side by side not long ago in the consulting room of a great London physician, waiting for the verdict.

They were very poor, but their doctor in the country had told them that if they wanted to save their child's life they must take her to see a great London physician. He had also said, "I will write and tell him you cannot afford high fees."

The physician entered the room. "Well," he said, "I have examined your child. She can be saved, but she must undergo an operation—at once."

The great physician saw the hands of the parents go out to one another and clasp at the side of their chairs; and the father said: "May we be alone together?"

The physician withdrew. When he returned he saw they had been crying.

The father asked, with a stammering tongue, what this operation would cost.

"Oh, don't you bother about that!" said the doctor. "She will have the King's surgeon to operate, the King's anaesthetist to give the chloroform, she will go into the best nursing-home in London, and I shall visit her twice a day till she is well enough to go home. Shall we say it will cost nothing at all? Then we shall all be pleased."

The Bill That Was Paid

The parents were staggered. Was it really true? Of course it was true! But—but—They looked at one another, and whispered together. Then, once more, Might they be alone?

The physician left them. "We think we ought to tell you," said the father on his return, "that our child's godmother left her £300, to be given to her when she comes of age, and we feel that the lawyer would probably allow us to—"

"How dare you!" cried the doctor, in pretended indignation. "How dare you propose to me anything so wicked as robbing your own child? Don't let me hear another word. The bill is paid and receipted. All that is settled."

The great doctor did not tell them he had settled it when he saw their hands go out to one another in their hearts' sorrow for their little one.

Then the old couple made no bones about it; not their hands but their lips were now together, and the tears poured down their cheeks. Then they took up the doctor's hand, and first the mother kissed it and then the father, and there were tears in the eyes of the great doctor.

Continued from the previous column. serious disturbance of markets and employment. What we cannot do is to take enormous quantities of the very goods we wish to make ourselves, and which we export in order to earn our living.

The worst of it all is that the attempts to make Germany do impossible things are injuring ourselves. If Germany were driven into bankruptcy the general bankruptcy of Europe might follow. The fact is that the world can only live by mutual trade among nations. In ancient times the conqueror killed his enemies or enslaved them, and the process always ended in his own ruin.

That is why Rome perished—through the Slave State she built on Reparations. If she had built up free industries instead of slave markets, and a system of tribute, she would have lived on, and the Dark Ages, as history calls them, need not have been.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE



Calculated in actual value according to exchange, Great Britain has five times as much paper money today as Germany.

It will save much trouble if readers who send the C.N. to missionaries and others will always take care to pay carriage and postage.

Heard in Seven Counties

A terrific explosion in an isolated district 12 miles west of Edinburgh was heard in seven counties.

Please Yourself

A motor sign in an American city is said to read: "Drive slowly and see our beautiful city. Drive fast and see our beautiful gaol."

Fighters of Fire

London has a fire staff of 1913 officers and men, who attend to 1620 street fire alarms and 30,120 fire hydrants, and have 80 miles of hose.

The Rich Dustman

When a man was asked if the defendant in a London County Court had plenty of means he replied, "Plenty; he is a Shoreditch dustman!"

1000 Acres of Trees

During the past summer 1000 acres of land where timber was felled during the war was replanted with trees, and 235 acres of additional land were also planted.

The Peril of Northampton

Northampton has been slowly approaching within measurable distance of a water famine, only 20 million gallons being left in the main reservoir at the beginning of December.

Birmingham

Birmingham was the centre of the movement which kept back Home Rule in Ireland for a generation; it was at Birmingham that the first public explanation of the Irish Settlement was made.

At the Wheel

A Pretoria doctor has been at the steering-wheel of his motor-car for 57 hours; and somebody writes from Streatham that he has been at the wheel of a lorry for 92 hours without a break!

Triumph of Liberalism in Canada

The General Election in Canada has resulted in the overwhelming defeat of the Coalition Government, and the return of the Liberals. Mr. Meighen, the Prime Minister, was defeated.

THE MEN FOR AN EMERGENCY

How Two Brothers Saved Their Sister

A SNAKE STORY FROM THE BUSH

In peace, as in war, the men of Australia prove themselves many a time and oft the men for an emergency.

It was so quite recently when two brothers saved their sister's life after she had been bitten by a death-adder.

The three had clambered down, botanising, into a precipitous ravine, through dense bush, when the sister was suddenly bitten in the calf by the deadly reptile.

Relief was a question of seconds. One brother slipped off his boot, took out the lace, and tied it tightly round above the bite, while the other gashed the wound with his knife and caused free bleeding.

Then they carried the lassie, already lapsing into a state of unconsciousness, up the ravine, reached a neighbouring railway, stopped an engine that, fortunately, happened to be approaching, and rushed her to the nearest town.

There her life was saved. The adder it was that died, and it is now on show in the town, a creature 22 inches long, helping to teach the everlasting lessons of caution and courage and promptness and knowledge.

FRANCE HAS AN AMPERE HOUR MEMORY OF A GREAT DISCOVERER

Scientist and His Cats

FRENCH PRESIDENT'S TRIBUTE TO HIS COUNTRYMAN

By Our Paris Correspondent

A solemn and moving homage was rendered the other day in Paris to the memory of Ampère, whom President Millerand called the "human genius who transformed the face of the world." Ampère, who has put his name in the dictionary, was one of the discoverers of electric power; and all over the world, when men measure electricity, they measure it in ampère hours. Now France has had an Ampère Hour to do him homage.

Gifted with an exceptional vigour of thought, Ampère was known from childhood as a prodigy. His memory was astounding. It is said that, having read a whole encyclopedia when twelve years old, he could at forty recite full passages of the work by heart.

Such precious faculties were, of course, a great help to a scholar, but Ampère never let himself grow slack by relying on them. He worked all his life with the eagerness of a man who meant to get on.

From eighteen to twenty Ampère spent his leisure in making up a universal language, for he thought men would get on better if they spoke the same tongue. He also wished for a universal coinage. He was a fine musician—Ampère was so many things, in fact, that one cannot go into all his accomplishments.

Absent-Minded Philosopher

Yet this immortal and most practical man was the very type of absent-mindedness, as we have already seen in the C.N.—an odd little story, which reminds us of the indifference of this deep thinker to the little things of everyday life!

Ampère had then two cats, a big one and a little one. As he enjoyed their company when he was working in his study, he wished to give them a free entrance into the room, and, sending for a carpenter, Ampère said to him: "Will you please cut out, in the bottom of this door, two holes for my cats to pass through—a big hole and a smaller one?" "But," observed the workman, "the big hole would do quite well for both animals, would it not?"

Ampère thought it over, smiled, and said: "My friend, you are right. But please do not mention this to my colleagues of the Academy!"

GLADSTONE'S PLAYMATE

Writer of the Invitation to Dorothy Drew

A C.N. reader who is interested in the article we published not long ago on the playmate of Mr. Gladstone's closing days writes concerning the origin of the verses we attributed to Mr. Gladstone.

The verses were an invitation in rhyme to Dorothy Drew, the little granddaughter of the Grand Old Man, to come to the party on the anniversary of his wedding-day; and they have often been attributed to Mr. Gladstone. It now appears, however, that they were from the pen of one of the merry writers of Punch, Mr. C. L. Graves.

We are glad to clear up the confusion that has often existed about these happy verses, and are grateful to Mrs. Parish for a courteous letter on the subject, in which she says: "My mother, Mrs. Drew, wants me to say that she considers it a great compliment to her father that Mr. Graves's poem should have been attributed to him."

That is modesty indeed, remembering that Mr. Gladstone's brain was one of the priceless possessions his age.

BOY EXPLORER TELLS HIS STORY

8000-MILE JOURNEY IN AFRICA

Searching for Insects in the Cameroons

HOW TO CATCH THE MONKEY

By Guy Wernham

On January 4 I am going on the biggest Nature Hunt ever undertaken, I should think, by a boy.

Most boys have at some time had a craze for catching the cabbage butterfly of the back garden. In fact, it seems a born desire in most boys to collect things, pictures, coins, moths, anything. One of my earliest recollections is that of a row of flies, with an occasional spider, which formed my museum.

But think of a natural history expedition lasting for three years and covering 8000 miles of travel! It is a prospect that should appeal to any boy—as it appealed to me, when Mr. George L. Bates, a collector for the Natural History Museum, offered to take me out to West Africa to assist him in the collecting of specimens for the Museum, which he has been doing for many years.

Forty Miles from a White Man

During the period of three years we hope to make a tour of the northern part of the French Cameroons, and to proceed to Duala, via South Nigeria, before we return to England. A year will be spent at Mr. Bates's home at Bitye, a spot 40 miles from the nearest white neighbour and 150 miles from the coast. These 150 miles I shall travel on foot, alone with native carriers, picking up on the way such animals and insects as we come across.

On arriving at Bitye I hope to join Mr. Bates at his house, built by himself on the estuary of the Ja River. Here we shall start collecting in earnest, and during the tour we hope to get one of the finest collections ever brought from the Cameroons.

Bats, Rats, and Squirrels

The requirements of the Museum nowadays cover pretty well every branch of mammals, birds, and insects, so that the scope for collectors is enormous. The particular mammals we are hoping to find in the Cameroons are bats, rats, squirrels, monkeys, and lemurs.

The greatest fun will be night hunts for bats and moths, which we hope to secure by spraying the trees with a mixture of rum and sugar, and hanging up rags soaked in essences.

The daytime will be occupied in butterfly catching, removing the drugged specimens from the sugared trees, obtaining birds and animals, visiting traps, and a thousand and one exciting and interesting occupations. One of our simple devices will be a jam-jar sunk into the ground in the runs of mice and rats and small animals; another will be a wide-necked bottle containing nuts for monkeys.

Beguiling the Monkey

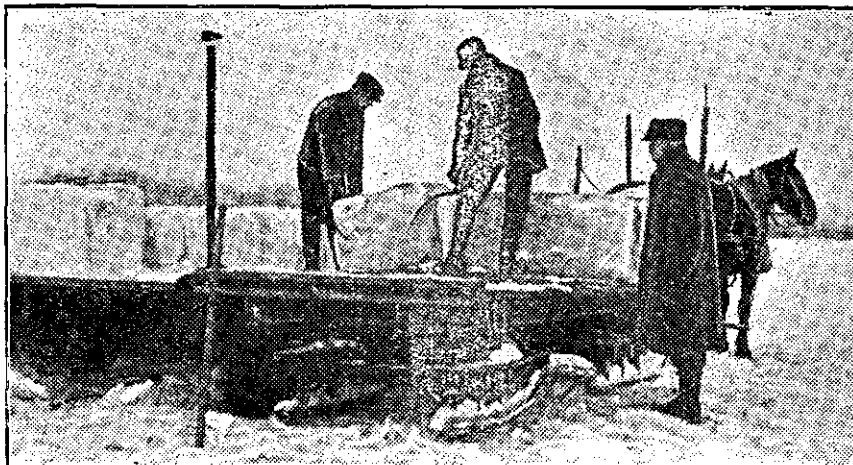
This will be fastened to a tree, and the unsuspecting anthropoid, seeing his favourite food, will put his hand into the bottle, grasp the nuts, and will wait there to be caught, for the intelligence of the monkey does not tell him that if he let go the nuts he would be free. But he remains there a prisoner, holding his nuts, and for his nuts he pays with his freedom.

It is a great pleasure to be taking part in an expedition which will, I hope, secure the finest collection ever gathered in West Africa. *Picture on page 12*

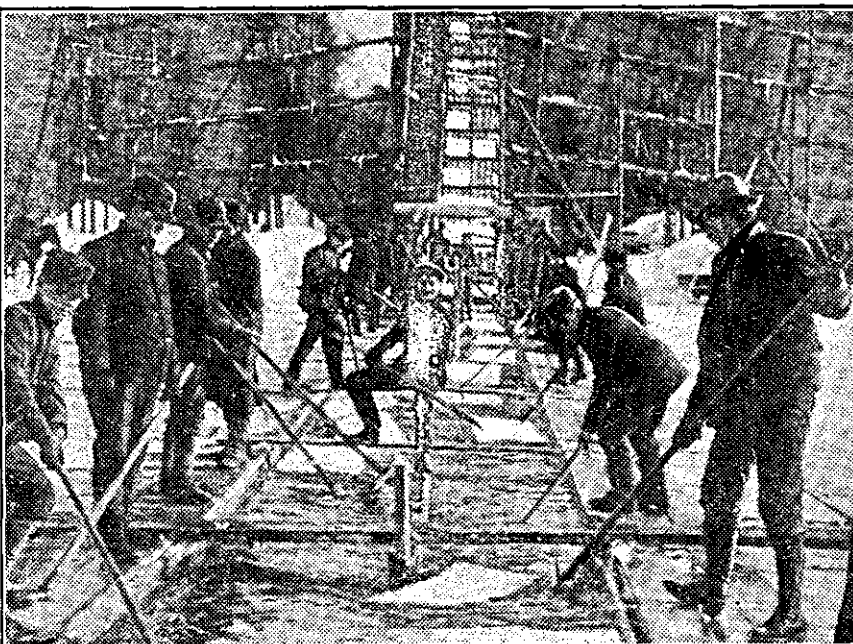
GATHERING THE HARVEST OF ICE



Sawing the ice into blocks



Loading the ice on to sleighs



Guiding the ice-blocks to the storehouses

When the rivers and lakes of Canada and the United States are frozen over, the ice-harvesters get to work, and hundreds of tons of ice are sawn out of the rivers and sent south for food preservation and other purposes. Here we see the icemen busily at work near Hudson Bay

PRIME MINISTER OF FRANCE

ARISTIDE BRIAND AND HIS CAREER

Rapid Rise to Power in Politics SIMPLE LIFE OF A FAMOUS MAN

By Our European Correspondent

The vigorous and eloquent Prime Minister of France, whose speeches in America have been much discussed on two continents, has had a varied career in politics. Nobody would have been more astonished years ago than he had it been foretold that he would be the mouthpiece of Militarism at a Disarmament Conference.

Like the President of the Republic, M. Millerand, the Prime Minister was a Socialist, and rose rapidly to power by talking Socialism. He was elected to Parliament in 1902, and after only seven years became Prime Minister. The year after he took office he crushed a railway strike by a daring decree declaring that the strikers were soldiers, and ordering them to continue their work on the railways under penalty of being shot as mutineers.

Common Sense Wins

This firmness pleased the French people, and they were pleased, also, by his management of the separation between Church and State. He made it complete, but he tried not to offend the Church and its supporters more than he could help. He prides himself on a common sense which prevents him from going to extremes. He attributes it to his peasant origin.

He is the son of a small innkeeper. His mother, still alive though her son will be sixty next year, is a peasant still. She has not changed her way of living; she dwells in a tiny cottage, had no servant until a few years ago, went to market herself, and kept her cottage exquisitely clean. Her son would have set her up in a bigger house and made her a "lady," but she shook her sensible head and said she preferred to remain as she was.

Statesman's Fine Voice

M. Briand himself lives in a very simple style. He is not married, so that all he needs is a small flat in Paris, where a woman goes in every day to clean and cook. He is careless about his clothes; someone told him one day that his trousers always bagged at the knees.

"Yes, I know," he said. "But haven't you noticed my hats and ties? They are just as bad!"

Like all who have made their positions by public speaking, he has a fine voice. Once he thought of being an opera singer, but decided to be a lawyer. He made himself known by defending Socialists and Anti-militarists, and then devoted himself to writing for Socialist newspapers. Of course the Socialists attack him, calling him turn-coat and traitor, but he has no fear of them. He tells them that common sense made him alter his opinions, and he is sure the nation's common sense agrees with his.

Premier Milks a Cow

The peasants who are so powerful in France, the small farmers who work desperately hard and strike hard bargains, like to feel that the country has a peasant Prime Minister.

"He can milk a cow," they say. "He can sell a pig or a bag of grain and not lose anything! He knows where the hens lay in the hedge or the little plantation."

An Italian newspaper man who wanted to interview M. Briand found him, not many years ago, on his farm in labourer's clothes chasing a cow that did not want to be milked!

That delighted the French. They feel that Monsieur Briand is truly "one of themselves."

MR. FORD WANTS THE BATTLESHIPS WHAT HE WOULD DO WITH THEM

Turning Them into Tractors and Motor Cars
JUNK PRICES FOR ALL NAVIES

Mr. Henry Ford, whose cars have surely been down every street in England, has two sorts of ideas—those he carries out and those he dreams about. His latest seems to be between the two: he wants to buy up the world's navies and turn useless ships into useful things.

"You may tell those gentlemen in Washington that I mean business," says Mr. Ford. "I will buy the navies of the world at junk prices, and turn them into agricultural machinery and motor-cars if the Powers will agree to disarm."

With acetylene charges and electricity, Mr. Ford says he can cut these warships in pieces and use up the fine material of which they are made; and he declares his readiness to finance the whole undertaking if the nations will sell their ships.

Metal the World Wants

"Make it plain," says he, "that I stand ready to buy any ships the Powers may think of sinking. Please ask them not to sink a ship. I understand that some of the captured German ships were sent to the bottom. It is a crime to sink metal like that. The world has need of it. So please state that even though the Powers should be willing only partly to disarm on the sea, I will buy whatever ships they may agree to withdraw from their navies."

"But they ought to scrap the whole lot. There is no reason why a warship should be left upon any ocean in the world. These diplomats say they want naval force only as protection. Each one denies that he wants for aggression even the remnant that the Hughes plan leaves each nation. Well, why should not all the Governments sell their ships to me? I'll promise not to use them to fight. I'll melt up and make them into things that will make life better."

Solving a Great Problem

"Put the American fleet into my hands and Japan never need be afraid of it. Put the Japanese fleet into my hands and America need not be afraid of it. Put the British fleet in my hands, and neither America nor any other nation need fear it."

"If the Powers will sell me their navies I will help them solve their unemployment problem. The unemployment problem is going to be worse, even by the disarmament plan Mr. Hughes proposes. If warship building is going to be stopped for ten years, thousands of men who are now working in steel mills and shipyards will be deprived of employment."

Turning Warships into Bread

"Something should be done for these men. I will do something for them if the Powers will sell me their warships. I will not only give employment to thousands more men in my tractor and automobile works, but to many more thousands. When I employ men to make a tractor I cause employment to be given to the railway men who take to market the wheat the tractor helps to grow, the millers who grind it, the bakers who make it into bread, the clerk who sells it, and the drivers who take it to the home."

"It is a very dangerous thing to leave in existence any fraction, however small, of existing navies. Each of these parts, if left, will ultimately be expanded into a navy, and we shall have the present situation all over again. The world does not need any of these ships. I need all of them. If I can buy them I will manufacture things that will make people happy."

THE SAFER SEA TRIUMPH OF BRITISH SEAMANSHIP

The Sailor's Consolation in a Storm

AND THE FIGURES THAT ENCOURAGE HIM

Who does not love those verses, probably by Charles Dibdin, in which the poet makes a sailor at sea in a storm pity those who live on land?

One night came on a hurricane,
The sea was mountains rolling,
When Barney Buntline slewed his quid,
And said to Billy Bowline:
"A strong nor'-wester's blowing, Bill,
Hark! don't ye hear it roar now?
Lord help 'em, how I pities them
Unhappy folks on shore now!

"Foolhardy chaps as live in towns,
What danger they are all in!
And now lay quaking in their beds
For fear the roof should fall in!
Poor creatures, how they envies us,
And wishes, I've a notion,
For our good luck in such a storm
To be upon the ocean!"

Well, most of us are glad, no doubt, to be on land in storm-time, even though the roof itself may quake and shake; but it is good to know that the sea is really a marvellously safe place considering the traffic it bears.

Thanks to the skill of our engineers, the watchfulness of our mariners, and the good work of our shipbuilders, the risk of losing life or property at sea—in British vessels, at any rate—is very small, and is diminishing. Sir Westcott Abell, the Chief Surveyor of Lloyd's, has given a party of shipbuilders and engineers some interesting figures.

Losses at a Minimum

Only 572 casualties that can be described as serious occurred in a year to all the ocean-going British steamers, and in only 46 cases was there loss of life. This is good, but it is still better to know that the proportion of casualties is gradually diminishing. During the past 23 years the serious casualties to British ships fell from 21 per cent. to 11 per cent.

Sir Westcott Abell thinks, however, that there cannot be a much greater reduction, as we have reached a state of affairs where the losses are nearly at the minimum possible.

Taking the total number of ships engaged, the casualties attributable to weather have fallen from over 16 per cent. 23 years ago to 15 per cent. now; those arising from defects in the ship or machinery from 11 per cent. to under 7; those due to the human element from 16 per cent. to 9; and those from miscellaneous causes from 11 per cent. to under six.

Reducing the Risks

There was, therefore, a general improvement in all those matters which normally cause a considerable proportion of casualties at sea; but unfortunately accidents due to fire increased from under one per cent. to over five. A considerable proportion of these fire casualties were caused by spontaneous combustion, and no doubt close investigation will be made with a view to reducing the risks.

About a third of sea casualties are due to weather causes, and an analysis of these for 23 years is very interesting. Sir Westcott Abell states that in this period the risks of ships colliding or foundering at sea decreased from 20 per cent. to 17, but strandings, which form about a third of the weather casualties, remained about the same. It seems odd that the risk of a vessel stranding when near home should be greater than of its being lost out at sea.

Though the number of passengers carried has risen to nearly 1,100,000 a

Continued in the next column

BISHOPS GIVE UP THEIR PALACES

Farnham Castle's Mile of Carpet

HIGHER TAXES AND SMALLER INCOMES

There have always been people living in small houses who thought they would like to live in palaces, but now the tables are turned, and those living in palaces want to live in smaller houses.

The enormously increased taxation and other causes resulting from the war have so greatly reduced the incomes of those who were formerly well-to-do that they find themselves unable to live in the same style as before.

The bishops are among the greatest sufferers in this way, and their salaries as they appear in the reference books bear no relation to what they really receive for personal use. Some bishops have actually found themselves out of pocket.

It has just been announced that Farnham Castle, the fine old palace of the Bishops of Winchester, nearly 800 years old, is for sale, the bishop finding it necessary to go into a smaller house.

This great building has 64 rooms and the staircases take a mile of carpet. Among the bishops who are seeking smaller residences are those of Bath and Wells, Peterborough, Carlisle, and Birmingham.

BEARER OF GOOD NEWS

The Solitary Messenger

Early the other morning—it was December 6—a man left a British destroyer at Belfast and found himself almost alone on the Albert Quay. No one was there to meet him, and he did not know where to go.

Yet he had in his pocket a sealed packet with the most important news that has arrived in Ireland for twenty generations. He was the son of a Baptist minister, and had been sent by our Baptist Prime Minister, whose secretary he is, to carry the good news of the Irish Peace to the Ulster Cabinet.

As the Ulster Premier had merely been informed that a messenger was coming, but had not been told that he was coming in a special destroyer, it happened that there was nobody at the pier when the ship arrived, and only a newspaper reporter witnessed the landing of this important messenger. The reporter piloted the secretary, Mr. G. H. Shakespeare, to the proper quarters, and all was well.

STRAW HOUSES

For the Devastated Regions

A new sort of building material has been experimented with in the French devastated regions; it is straw!

We must not suppose that straw houses are dangerous or wanting in comfort, or incapable of resisting bad weather. These habitations are made of compressed straw blocks fitted into a wooden or iron casing. They are extremely strong, and quite low in cost.

Experience shows that only a slight lining is required to prevent moisture from penetrating the straw, and that insects can easily be kept out.

Continued from the previous column

year, the average number of lives lost through accidents is not 150 a year; and if the Titanic and one other large ship that was lost be eliminated from the figures, the annual loss for 23 years is less than 100, or one in 11,000 of the passengers carried. The risk of being drowned at sea is actually only one-eighth of the risk of dying a natural death at sea.

These figures are an unanswerable proof of the splendid efficiency of British shipbuilding and navigation in the twentieth century.

THE WEEK IN HISTORY POOR MAN WHO TRACKED THE PLANETS

Queen Elizabeth's Schoolmaster

COMPANY THAT RULED AN EMPIRE

Dec. 25. Duc de Guise assassinated in Paris 1588
26. Frederick II. of Germany born at Jesi . . . 1194
27. Johann Kepler born at Weil 1571
28. President Wilson born at Staunton . . . 1856
29. Sir Archibald Alison born at Kenley . . . 1792
30. Roger Ascham born near Thirsk 1515
31. Charter granted to the East India Company 1600

Kepler

FIVE men founded the science of astronomy as it is now understood.

They were Copernicus, a Pole, who discovered that the earth spins round once a day and travels round the sun once each year; Galileo, the famous Italian; Tycho Brahe, a Dane, who mapped the stars afresh; Kepler, a Wurtemburger, who found that the planets travel round the sun not in a circle but in an ellipse; and, lastly, Newton, an Englishman, who revealed the power of gravitation.

Copernicus was born about 100 years before Kepler, and Newton died about 100 years after him. Brahe, Galileo, and Kepler lived at the same time.

Kepler, like Newton, was a profound mathematician. He was born to poverty and ill-health, and lived in poverty though his cleverness was well known. He became an assistant to Tycho Brahe, and succeeded him when he died; but he had to tell fortunes, in which he did not believe, to get a living.

Battling with ill-fortune, debt, ignorance, and superstition, he laid down, more than any other man, the firm foundations of astronomy by tracing the movements of the planets.

Roger Ascham

ROGER ASCHAM, the tutor of Queen Elizabeth in her youth, is known lastingly for three things. He was one of the first Englishmen who, though very learned in ancient and modern languages, wrote charmingly in our English tongue. He was also one of the first Englishmen who wrote with good sense and kindness of heart about education and believed in making learning delightful to children. And, lastly, everything we know of him shows him to have been a man of fine character, large-hearted, tolerant, and full of quiet fun.

He was born poor, but a rich Yorkshire neighbour sent him to college, and he became a famous tutor at Cambridge before he went to Court as a confidential secretary to English monarchs.

His books that may still be read are one on archery, at which he was a fine shot, and his "Schoolmaster."

The East India Company

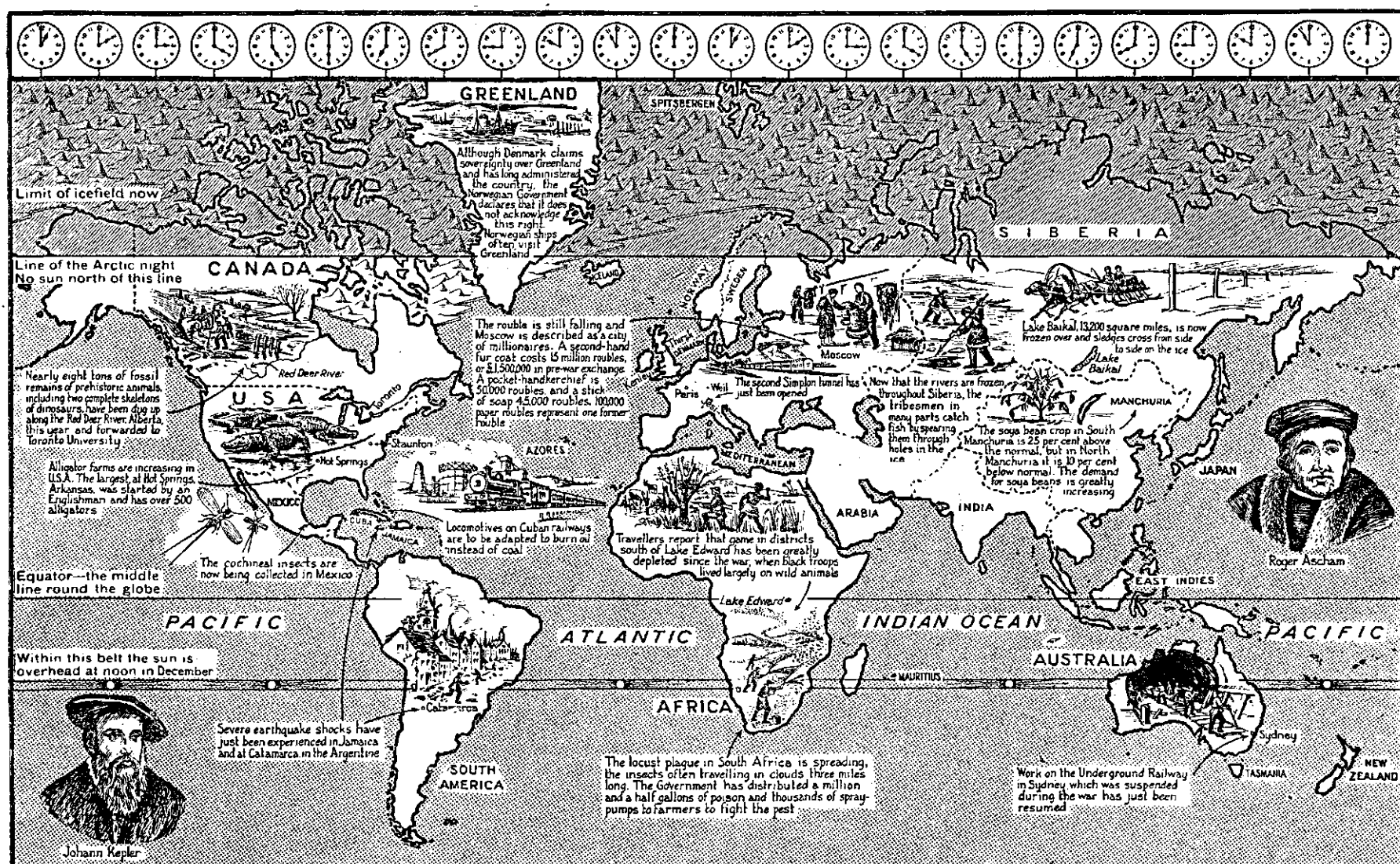
WHEN the European countries began to sail the distant seas for discovery and trade they gave charters to companies that paid heavily for the privilege of exclusive trade in a fixed region. The English, French, Dutch, Portuguese, and Scottish all did the same.

The East India Company's rights, bought from the English Government for 15 years at a time, extended from Cape Horn westward in the Pacific, and eastward from the Cape of Good Hope.

Finally the Dutch became masters in the East Indian Islands, and the English made India their special sphere.

At first the company, John Company as it was commonly called, made war and governed; but toward the end of the eighteenth century the British Government appointed the Governor-General, and in 1833 the company ceased to have trading rights and was pensioned off with ten per cent. on its capital. After the Indian Mutiny it was entirely suppressed, in 1858, and Parliament took the sole responsibility.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



CANUTE AND THE WAVES

What the Editor Forgot

NOBLE KING'S REBUKE TO FLATTERERS

A letter from a famous professor of literature lies on our desk to show how the C.N. Monthly was caught napping.

There appeared in last month's number of My Magazine some humorous pictures of famous people who did silly things. One was he who killed the goose that laid the golden eggs, and another, we are sorry to say, was our good King Canute, who ordered back the sea.

Now, to order back the sea is indeed a silly thing to do, but in passing this humorous picture for the colour pages of My Magazine the Editor, who is only human and has far too many things to do, forgot for the moment that the silliness of this thing was not in King Canute, but in his flattering courtiers. Let us quote the story as it is told in Dr. Smith's *Smaller History of England*.

His courtiers one day thought to flatter him by telling him that his power was without bounds. He ordered his chair to be set on the beach when the tide was rising, and commanded the waves to retire. Affecting to expect their obedience, he sat till the water was around him, and then, leaving his chair to be washed away, he reminded the flatterers that he himself was powerless before Him who alone could say to the ocean, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther."

That, of course, is the proper view to take of this famous ordering back of the sea, and the Editor apologises for the injustice he did in a forgetful moment to the noble memory of King Canute.

Pronunciations in this Paper

Ascham	As-kam
Cassiopeia	Cas-se-o-pe-yah
Clavicymbal	Clav-e-sim-bal
Geez	Geez
Harpsichord	Harp-se-kord
Psalterium	Sawl-te-re-um

CONQUERING THE WEATHER

Wireless Telephone on the Airways

The aerial companies that run services over the Channel promise to make regular journeys through the winter.

This marks an important stage in the development of commercial air-flight, for it means that neither wind, weather, nor fog will bar the passage.

It is interesting to note why regular crossings are possible. The explanation is that the planes are now provided with the wireless telephone, and the travellers on nearing their destination can ask exactly where they are, though the fog may obscure all sight, and can request that rockets be let off to show the landing-place. In this way safe landings have been made on dangerous nights.

The wireless telephone as it is worked on the planes does not require a special operator; the pilot or the mechanic can manage it. Its range of communication is over two hundred miles.

THE OLD MAN ELOQUENT

Mr. Stephen Paget's Birth Certificate

I am one year older than Tennyson's Maud, and was born when Colonel Newcome died.

I am six years younger than Nelson's Column, eight years older than Kingsley's Water Babies, ten years older than Landseer's lions, and sixteen years older than the Albert Hall; and I have lived to see Nelson's Column used for mob oratory, and the Albert Hall for boxing matches!

So, in this odd birth certificate, Mr. Stephen Paget introduces himself in a new book of memories, and none of our readers need to be told that a book written in such brightness and freshness is worth reading many times over.

Those who would know something of what Mr. Paget has seen and known in his varied life will find a capital article by him in the new issue of the C.N. monthly, My Magazine, now on the bookstalls with this paper.

PATHETIC SCENE ON A SHIP

Vessel's Price of Safety

A desperate scene was witnessed on a French cargo boat running from Oran to Casablanca.

A gale arose, and the captain was faced with the pitiful alternative of having to risk losing the lives of 220 passengers or of throwing 200 head of cattle overboard.

There was nothing else for the poor captain to do but to heave the cattle into the sea, and the passengers—chiefly Arabs and Maltese, themselves almost terror-stricken—watched the pathetic struggles of the poor animals to keep above water.

Eventually the steamer reached Casablanca, having lost the entire collection of passengers' luggage as well as its cargo of cattle.

SUBMARINE CAPTIVES

Odd Way Out

Fifty-one members of the crew of a sunken American submarine, in the shallow waters off Bridgeport, conceived an original idea for escaping from death.

Lightening the vessel at one end till the bow emerged from the surface of the water, the men scrambled out through the torpedo tubes!

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest:

Suit of armour of 1580	£2850
A wooden drinking bowl	£800
Queen Anne tea-kettle and lamp	£440
Four 18th century English chairs	£220
24 Queen Anne silver teaspoons	£173
Pair of Charles II candlesticks	£140
A Georgian side-table	£120
18 letters by Horace Walpole	£60
Horace Walpole's first letter to his mother, written when he was six, realised	£8 15s.

THE BOOKS THAT SANTA CLAUS HAS BOUGHT

What You May Find by Your Stocking

THE JOLLY PICTURE ANNUALS

There is still just time to be sure that joy will ring through the house on Christmas Day, for we learn that there are still left in the shops three of the jolliest books that ever children loved.

Who does not know the Playbox Annual, with our old friends Tiger Tim and Joey Parrot running through it from end to end? Here it is again for 1922 with the Bruin Boys, the Hippo School, fairies and Red Indians, with magic harps and little crooked houses, and such a mass of tales and pictures as never failed to make a child's heart leap.

Beside it in the shops we see the Wonderland Annual, with Billy and Dolly Jumbo, all in glorious colour, with Micky Mouse and his jungle friends looking like a rainbow, with adventures and stories and jolly verses, with puzzles and riddles and jokes, with games and music and tiny tales, until you wonder whatever else there is to read about.

Then all at once you come upon the third of these fine annuals—the same handy size, yet as fresh as a snowball, as bright as an orange, and rippling through and through with tricks and merriment. If you want anything to do here are lots of things; if you want a good laugh here it is; if you want to tease Daddie with a riddle or tell Mother a story here they are; or if you want to sit quietly in a corner, and have an hour to yourself, Puck is the very companion for you.

If you could not find the thing you wanted when out shopping, then here are the books to fill up the gap on your Christmas list. There is just time for a copy of any one of them—six shillings each in their jolly covers. We hear that Santa Claus has bought a host of them, and perhaps you may be lucky.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

DECEMBER 24 1921

Thanks be to God

TIME, like an ever-rolling stream, brings Christmas round, and a splendid Christmas-box it brings this year. Ireland is at peace.

The C.N. sends its wishes for a happy Christmas to all nations, and especially to the Irish Free State.

Is it not wonderful, this happy ending to this old, old tale? It lifts up the heart with joy even while a tear comes to the eye, for Ireland has been our little Cinderella, our sad little sister who would not be comforted.

Far behind us in our history lies the trail of her woes, and the trail is marked with all the emotions that stir the human heart. There have been on both sides injustice and ingratitude, prejudice and ignorance, obstinacy and pride, suspicion and fear; for 700 years this quarrel has gone on, with hope raised high at times, with hate stepping in and dashing hope to the ground, but with a quenchless faith in a few stout hearts on either side that Time would heal this feud and bring Ireland to the fireside of our British Family.

The Irish people left their home in bitterness and went out to other lands. There was no question that made a world-wide peace so difficult as the trouble in Ireland, for Irish influence runs throughout America, it has power in high places, it is at the bottom of almost all the ill-will that is heard there against England. Who knows that, but for this ill-will there might have been a happier welcome to the League of Nations in the great Republic?

And at home, as long as many of us can remember, Ireland has been the thorn in politics. It has broken up parties and thrown down Governments; it has kept back reforms that are long overdue; it has consumed the energies and burned up the enthusiasms that might have made this land a happier place to live in.

What could we not have done with all the time and zeal and strength that the quarrel with Ireland has eaten up since we were born? We could have swept away our slums; we could have abolished poverty; we could have saved a multitude of lives that have perished from disease; we could have educated all the ignorant people in the land.

And now it is all over, and everywhere there rises in men's hearts a feeling of emotion. We need not stay to think who has been to blame, for all have been to blame. One feeling only is there now—of thankfulness to God for one more step taken on the way to Human Brotherhood, for that spirit planted in our race which leads us on, though through much tribulation, to a life that shall be nobler and nobler yet. A. M.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London
above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



The Blue Bird

THE blue bird has been found in Asia; it is being brought home by the Mount Everest Expedition. It has also been found in Ireland.

How They See It

It is always interesting to remember the first impressions of great events, and we have picked out three descriptions of the Irish Peace:

The greatest event that has happened in the internal affairs of this country for generations.

The most vital decision of the British Cabinet for 240 years.

The longest step forward in European civilisation since the Armistice.

The first is by a newspaper, the second by a statesman, and the third comes from America.

So the World Moves

THOSE Powers that sit aloft and look down on the doings of this world must smile at times, amid their tears. They are soon to see the unveiling of a statue of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain in the House of Commons.

It was Mr. Chamberlain who broke up a great political party a generation since on the question of Home Rule for Ireland. His statue comes to Parliament with the dawn of the Irish Free State, and his son's name is at the foot of the treaty.

So the world moves on: We live and learn, and all things come with time and tide.

John Redmond

WE were talking on the birthday of the Irish Free State with a man who has been a member of the Government, and he said: "When I see the congratulations going round on this great settlement, I think of those who fought for this cause when fighting for it was hard, and especially I think of John Redmond."

It is right that we should remember now the name of Redmond. One brother lies in a little graveyard not far from the Dickebusch road that leads into Ypres. That is Willie Redmond, who fought and died for the flag. John Redmond, too, died during the war, and no man served Ireland more truly in Parliament or out. Gladly would he have given his life at any hour to have won this Great Peace for the land he loved.

God's Plan for Peace—The Only Way to Disarmament

1. The Vision

Many nations shall come, and say, Come, and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, and He will teach us of his ways, and we will walk in His paths.

And He shall judge among many people, and rebuke strong nations afar off; and they shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruninghooks; nation shall not lift up a sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more. MICAH IV

2. The Law

Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbour,

The Two Free States

WHAT a curious collection of facts the history of our times will be! Those who are old enough to remember the Boer war have not yet forgotten how painful it was to read of an Irish Brigade fighting in South Africa against the British troops.

Twenty years have passed, and the Peace of Ireland is based on the Peace of South Africa, the Irish Free State standing with the Orange Free State in a special niche of the Temple of British Freedom.

Tip-Cat

THE public are asked to pay top price for coal," according to a Crewe magistrate. They will now be anxious to know the price of tops.

THE great Krupp war arsenal of Germany made three thousand motor-cars last year, and every one of them will carry farther than Big Bertha.

THE man who does nothing does somebody.

ONE of our big politicians regrets that he is "not an artist." But he can draw a crowd.

YOU must deal with the world as you find it, says Mr. Bernard Shaw. Of course, you won't deal with it if you find it out.

Peter Puck's Cracker Mottoes

POOR Greece is sad; her skies are murky.

She wants a little slice of Turkey.

MARS went to Washington. "Beg parding,

This chair is mine," said Mr. Harding.

IRELAND would nothing need to fear if she kept Christmas all the year.

LET's keep up Christmas through this crisis!

Said Profiteer: "Let's keep up prices."

WHO over-eats a Christmas dinner is almost, if not quite, a sinner.

"God bless us all!" cried Tiny Tim, And so composed our Christmas hymn.



PETER PUCK
WANTS
TO KNOW

If Christmas will break the Sabbath when it falls on Sunday

The Call of the Stars to the Earth

By Harold Begbie

WHAT cry the worlds that thro' the skies are sweeping, Kingdoms of God that burn before Earth's way?

O Child of Heaven, they call thee, art thou keeping As Christ would have thee this His festal day?

SWEET Earth, forget the cares that slay thy morrows, Dear Earth, a moment hold thy troubled breath; Into thy soul, so full of fears and sorrows, Take on this day the Peace of Nazareth.

WHY came the Babe with men on earth to mingle, Why came He down from heights of heavenly grace, If thou art cast adrift, and sailest single Through these high shoreless seas of Time and Space?

NAY, thou art one with all the host of Heaven, Linked to each star, and born of God's great will, Who to all souls the one command hath given, Search out my purpose and fulfil, fulfil.

COME, let us throw our trivial cares behind us; Come, let us see life whole, adore, and pray; For at this hour Christ cometh to remind us. Love is God's purpose, Love the chosen way.

COME, little Child, in Whom the Gracious Father Knew all our anguish, loving Thee so well; Come, O Good Shepherd, all the nations gather Into Thy fold of love with Thee to dwell.

The Prayer of the House of Commons

This is the beautiful prayer with which the House of Commons opens each day's sitting

ALMIGHTY God, by whom alone kings reign and princes decree justice, and from whom alone cometh all counsel, wisdom, and understanding:

We, Thine unworthy servants, here gathered together in Thy name, do most humbly beseech Thee to send down the heavenly wisdom from above, to direct and guide us in all our consultations;

And grant that, we having Thy fear always before our eyes, and laying aside all private interests, prejudices, and partial affections, the result of all our counsels may be to the glory of Thy blessed name, the maintenance of true religion and justice, and the safety, honour, and happiness of the King, the public welfare, peace, and tranquillity of the realm, and the uniting and knitting together of the hearts of all persons and estates within the same in true Christian love and charity one towards another, through Jesus Christ our Lord, and Saviour. Amen.

THE OLD, OLD STORY OF IRELAND

700-YEAR QUARREL

Parent State Which Has Flung Her Settlers Through the World

LONG FIGHT AND PEACE AT LAST

One of the finest things said at the Irish Peace Conference was said by an Irish delegate with great eloquence. "Ireland, too, is a parent State," he said, "which has through the centuries flung her sons and settlers into every corner of the globe." Too often, said the Lord Chancellor in quoting these words, we have forgotten this in dealing with Ireland.

Never before has a British Government recognised that the Irish are a nation, that they have never willingly submitted to be ruled by another nation, and that they have a right to choose their form of Government. Now these admissions have been made, not grudgingly, but freely; and for the first time since the 12th century there is a prospect of friendship with the Irish people, friendship permanent and sincere.

A Chieftain's Treachery

Few people remember in discussing the Irish question that the Irish, before the Norman kings of England invaded their country, had a civilisation of their own. Irish scholars and artists made themselves famous; Irish commerce sent its fleets into all the known seas. There was prosperity in the green island, and culture as well.

Unhappily, the intervention of England in Ireland, and the beginning of the long effort to crush the Irish into submission, were due to the treachery of an Irish chieftain.

The King of Leinster asked the Norman Henry II to aid him in taking revenge upon another local ruler who had carried off his wife. Henry was quite ready to do this. He wanted to get a footing in Ireland; he coveted this pleasant and prosperous land. He sent over an expedition about 1168, and from that day Ireland has never been free from the presence of British troops.

From Bad to Worse

The Irish people resented the claim of the English king to be their overlord and the giving of large tracts of their land to Norman settlers. They tried to get the intruders out, and after several centuries of warfare the English decided to make an attempt to exterminate the Irish altogether.

The English who had gone to live in Ireland got on well with the Irish, in spite of laws passed by the English Parliament with the object of keeping them apart, preventing marriages between them, and so on. But it was among the English who did not know the Irish that the terrible plan of wiping them out was concocted.

Ireland Betrayed by Irish

It failed, but it made relations infinitely worse. The name of Cromwell, whose treatment of the Irish is the one blot on his career, still excites hatred in Ireland, and after the failure of violence came cunning. In order to check the competition of Irish manufactures with English goods—especially woollen goods—Irish trade was interfered with and wrecked.

Efforts were made to draw the people from their religion—which made them keep to it all the more obstinately—their old land system was broken up, and more of their land distributed among foreigners.

In the northern part of Ireland especially there were introduced large numbers of settlers from Scotland, and these grew up into a different race, the

Continued in the next column

FOUNDATIONS OF THE IRISH FREE STATE

THERE are 18 clauses in the treaty which establishes the Irish Free State. Here we briefly summarise their effects:

The Irish Free State is to have the same constitutional standing as the self-governing dominions of the flag.

Members of the Irish Parliament are to swear allegiance to the Free State, to declare that they will be faithful to the King, and to recognise the common citizenship of Ireland with Britain and the British Commonwealth of Nations.

Ireland is to contribute to the British National Debt and cost of war pensions, the amount being fixed by arbitration.

All sea defences are to be undertaken by the British Fleet, harbour and other facilities being made available by the Free State. After five years Ireland may undertake her own coastal defences.

Ulster may stay out of the Free State if she pleases, or may come in at once.

If she comes in she may retain her present Parliament, and safeguards will be fixed by arrangement between the Governments of Northern and Southern Ireland securing freedom from any persecution on account of religion. If she stays out she may send representatives to Westminster, but her boundaries will be readjusted.

So that there are two possibilities. The Irish Free State may embrace all Ireland, with Northern and Southern Parliaments; or may consist of a Southern Parliament only, with extended boundaries which will take in part of Ulster. If Ulster remains out, she will pay British taxes and be subject to the British Parliament.

THE CREATOR OF PETER PAN



Sir J. M. Barrie, the famous novelist and creator of Peter Pan, was caught out late the other night by the camera man, who snapped him, as we see here, having coffee at a street stall

Continued from the previous column

Ulstermen, who were encouraged to keep themselves apart from the rest of the population. They have always declared in favour of the Union between Great Britain and Ireland which was forced upon the Irish by wholesale bribery of members of the old Irish House of Commons. Once again the Irish people were betrayed by men of their own race.

When, in the middle of the 19th century, agitation was begun by Daniel O'Connell, known as the Liberator, for the repeal of the Union, the Ulstermen opposed it vigorously. Later, when Parnell made the Irish members in the British Parliament a power in politics, and when Gladstone proposed to give

Ireland Home Rule, it was again the opposition of Ulster which made a friendly settlement impossible.

So there grew up in Ireland a feeling that nothing could be got except by more active means than had yet been tried. The Sinn Fein—Leave us to Ourselves—movement was started and complete independence demanded. A foolish rebellion, begun in 1916, led to what was practically a state of war between the two countries, and this dragged on miserably until the indignation against it grew too strong to be resisted. Then proposals were made by Mr. Lloyd George for negotiations, and how these were only at the last moment brought to a happy issue is told in another column

CHIEF MEN OF THE NEW IRELAND

FREE STATE LEADERS

Founders and Soldiers of the Sinn Fein Movement

A REMARKABLE GROUP

Who are these Irishmen who have won for Ireland the peace she craved?

Chief of them is Mr. Arthur Griffith. To him, more than to any other individual, the Irish nation owes its new freedom. For twenty years he has been persuading it that it is a nation, and steadily strengthening national sentiment.

He edited a little weekly paper with a small circulation, but somehow he managed to reach the whole people, and he filled them with his own steadfast spirit. He did not go to many meetings, he did not speak, he did not try to get into Parliament. He went on quietly, but fervently, writing and telling his fellow-countrymen that they must depend upon their own consciousness of nationality, and urging them to say to the English "Sinn Fein," "Leave us to ourselves."

Michael Collins

Next comes Michael Collins, the famous leader and commander-in-chief of the Irish army, a clever, desperate planner of ambushes, skilful at escaping from pursuers, though at last he was captured. He was released, and afterwards showed amazing cleverness in avoiding arrest. Straight from his hiding-place he went to Downing Street, and impressed everyone by his character and ability. He is said to have begun as a sorter at the General Post Office.

Another Irish leader who signed the treaty, Mr. R. C. Barton, a Protestant and a landlord in County Wicklow, is the first man who has ever escaped from Mountjoy Prison in Dublin. In his bed the warders found a dummy and a letter of apology from the real Mr. Barton for any trouble he caused the Governor.

A Great Opportunity

Mr. De Valera, the Sinn Fein "President," was not at the final meeting of the Conference. He is of half-Spanish descent, but was brought up in Ireland, and he is, perhaps, the least popular and least forceful of all the Sinn Fein leaders.

The other Irish representatives are young men, not well known even in their own country, with nothing like the same wide popularity as Parnell had, or Michael Davitt and T. P. O'Connor. But they are men trusted by those who know them, and now it is for them to prove that the Irish can govern themselves better than they have been governed for the last 700 years.

It is not change of institutions that benefits a country; it is not the meeting of a Parliament in Dublin that will make a difference to Ireland. All depends, not upon systems, but upon the men who work the systems, and upon the spirit in these men. The whole English-speaking world hopes that Ireland will not misuse the freedom she has won.

TRACKING THE BEE

Ingenuity of the Native Mind

Some interesting facts concerning native bee-hunters come from Australia.

Wild bees' nests are usually well hidden, and the flight of the bees being too fast for the eye to follow, the aborigines have devised various ingenious methods of tracing them.

One way is to watch the bees gathering pollen, and then, when a honey-laden bee alights on a flower, to place a piece of white feather-down, moistened with gum, on the underside of its body. The native eye can then follow the bee's homeward journey.

A white bee-keeper on the south coast of New South Wales is little behind the natives in cunning. His method is to watch bees drinking at a pool. If they fly away slowly, and at no great height, he knows that a nest is close at hand; if they fly fast and high the nest is likely to be miles away.

A PICTURE HISTORY OF THE PIANO



One day a man found that a stretched cord gave a sound if plucked with the finger.



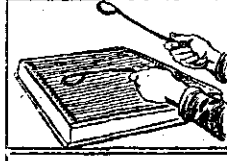
From the single stretched string developed the simplest form of lyre, which was the germ of the piano.



This was improved by making a triangular harp having strings of different lengths.



Then the strings were arranged on a sound-box, and the psalterium popular in the Middle Ages developed.



The psalterium developed into the dulcimer, in which the strings were struck by hammers.



Next, keys were fitted so that the striking could be more even, and the instrument was called the cithara.



The wires were next arranged vertically, while the keys were horizontal, and the clavichord was produced.



The next stage was the clavichord, later kinds having not only hammers, but dampers to stop vibration.



The virginal came next, and was getting nearer to our piano in appearance and principle.



A later development was to make the virginal upright, the keys still remaining horizontal.



The spinet was an improvement on the virginal, because the strings passed over a bridge instead of going direct to screw-peg.



The harpsichord came next—a large spinet with two strings to a note instead of one, as in virginal and spinet.



The modern piano was developed from the harpsichord in the 18th century, the keyboard being improved.



Today the pianola, a mechanical piano-player, has opened up endless possibilities, and extended the scope of the piano.

It has taken something like two thousand years to produce an instrument as perfect as the modern piano; and in these pictures we see the various stages of its development from the single stretched string to the pianola.

CANARIES TO SEE THE COUNTRY

Freedom for a Beautiful Bird

FINE SCHEME BY THE SELBORNE SOCIETY

The Selborne Society has an attractive scheme in hand. It proposes to establish canaries in the open.

To do so it will place canary eggs in the nests of sitting linnets, and let the wild birds hatch and rear the substitutes. The open-air canaries will mate and nest, and in time rear their own little ones, and the race, thus begun in the famous bird sanctuary in the Brent Valley, may become established and spread far and wide about the country.

The plan is perfectly feasible. The writer has kept canaries winter and summer in an open-air aviary, and the only difference between these canaries and those kept indoors was that the outdoor ones were much hardier and happier, always in excellent health, and bred rapidly. There was just a fear that among scores of other birds the canaries might be bullied and harried, but actually the tiniest of the male canaries became the comical little autocrat of the entire aviary!

The canaries sought for the Brent Valley are of the green variety, because the yellow would be shot by hateful collectors, or the sanctuary would be robbed by degraded bird-snatchers. This simply means that we must go back to nature, and select canaries in their natural colours.

The bird in its own free home, Madeira, the Canary Islands, and Cape Verde Islands, is olive green or greenish yellow, and it is only by 300 years of artificial selection that we have evolved and made permanent the bright golden or primrose yellow plumage.

STOLEN IN A WAR

Owner of a Bible Wanted

A Rotherhithe reader, seeing an account of how a Boer Bible was sent back to South Africa from New Zealand, wishes us to help him to discover the Boer owner of a similar family Bible.

Our correspondent bought some books recently, and among them was a Bible brought home by a soldier in the South African War.

It appears from the inscriptions in the book that it was given to a girl named Hilbert by her grandfather, Carl Eberlein. She afterwards married a husband named Venter, and they had two children, Hendrick and Albertus. The address, apparently of the grandfather, was Ficksburg, Orange Free State.

Our correspondent would like to return this Bible to its rightful owners in South Africa.

Can any of our South African readers assist him by sending us the present address of the family whose names are recorded in this long-absent book?

ALL IS NOT GOLD THAT LOOKS IT

What a Spark Shows

The Bureau of Standards of the United States has devised an instrument which has shown that pure gold is a thing unattainable in science.

An electric spark is passed between two pointed pieces of the gold to be examined, and the flame of the spark is photographed through a spectroscope, which reveals impurities in as small a proportion as one part in a million.

The so-called 1000-fine grade of gold, the purest gold that man can make, is now found to be impure, containing three parts in 10,000 of impurities. This very refined method of analysis reveals the fact that what we had thought to be absolutely pure gold is not actually pure, and at present there is no way of obtaining a really pure gold.

WAGON-LOADS OF MONEY

Fear of the Peasants

HIDING TREASURE UP THE CHIMNEY

All over Hungary the peasants are hoarding their money and hiding it in out-of-the-way places, believing that by doing so they are laying up for themselves treasures on earth which they will be able to enjoy some day.

They little realise that by doing this, and withdrawing money from circulation, they are making a rod for their own backs. The Government has to print more and more paper money in order to make up the shortage and enable business to go on, and the quantity of paper money in existence is thus constantly increased, with the result that its value becomes less. The peasants by their hoarding habits are reducing the value of what they hold.

It is a strange situation, and no amount of explanation will convince the peasants of the facts. They do not trust the banks, and so will not put their money out to interest, enabling it to be used wisely for the general good. They prefer to hide it up their chimneys.

So great has the shortage of money in circulation become that the other day the Hungarian Government had to print notes to the face value of 6500 million crowns. They were printed at Zurich, in Switzerland, packed in 99 chests, sent by train through Bavaria, and then transported by boat down the Danube to Buda-Pesth. Three wagons then took this money to the banks.

According to the pre-war rate of exchange these crowns would have been worth £270,000,000; now they are worth only about two and a half millions.

CHEMICAL WARS

A Book of Warning

The Riddle of the Rhine. By Victor Lefebure. Collins. 10s. 6d.

The author of this book has had wide experience of the use of poisonous gases in war, and now he uses his knowledge to give a grave warning about the possible future development of what he calls "chemical warfare."

He points out that Germany has a great chemical monopoly, which, for the moment, is being used for industrial purposes, but which, if another war broke out, might be changed in a very short time into a monstrous production of chemical munitions of a kind that can only be anticipated with alarm.

Disarmament, he contends, will be something like a mockery unless it can be extended to preparations for chemical warfare; at any rate, steps should be taken to prevent such weapons being overwhelmingly possessed by one country.

How this can be done is not clear; but the question deserves serious attention, and this uncomfortable book will no doubt bring it under earnest discussion when the prevention of war is being closely examined.

ALL ABOUT A PENNY

For Half-a-Crown

The History and Adventures of a Penny. By Edmund Dane. Mills & Boon. 2s. 6d.

We can recommend this book without reserve to young and old. It is interesting, thoughtful, informing, and useful.

The story of a penny, as it passes from hand to hand, is lively; and round it, without ever being dull, the author builds up a sound theory of the economy that brings real wealth to the individual and the nation.

By reasoning, simple in form but convincing in effect, he answers the fallacious views that are so often accepted as full of hope for average people, but that lead in the end only to bad trade, privation, and despair. Sound economy has rarely been taught so brightly.

NOTES FROM A ZOO

ODD THINGS IN BIRD AND ANIMAL LIFE

The Wise Inhabitants of the Wild Kingdom

THE BIRD SENTINEL

By Our Correspondent at the Melbourne Zoo

Our good Australian friend, the excellent naturalist Mr. W. H. D. Le Souëf, sends us these notes on bird and animal life as he has observed it for many years in the Melbourne Zoological Gardens.

One is often struck with the wonders of bird life; how they build their nests; how they communicate one with the other and work in conjunction—which they undoubtedly do. We know practically nothing of this very interesting subject.

Take, for instance, a flock of cockatoos feeding on ground where seed has been sown. Probably they know from experience that they are apt to be in danger, and so we notice that they always have one of their number high up in a tree to give warning.

If by chance anyone should get within range without being seen by the sentinel, and should fire at the feeding birds and kill one, the flock will rise and attack the defaulting sentinel. The birds seem to take turn in keeping watch.

Choosing a Leader

Every flock also has a leader, and probably supporters; but we cannot trace them continuously as their colour is so much alike. How they choose their leader we do not know. It may be that the strongest and most assertive bird establishes authority. It seems certainly to be so with animals.

Birds and animals undoubtedly communicate one with the other, though we do not know how. It is interesting to note how the birds work together to secure their prey. Eagles especially seem to do this. Occasionally several of these birds will be seen attacking, say, a well-grown lamb, which two could not manage.

The Australian wedge-tailed eagle has wings expanding to about seven feet, though usually the wing expansion is less. It is difficult to judge the wing expansion of birds without securing one and measuring it. Take, for instance, the albatross. How often we hear of its wing expanse being 15 feet or more; but the expanse of one of the largest species measures only about 13 feet from tip to tip.

Hiding on the Ground

It is most interesting to notice how the birds that mostly live on the ground are protected by their colour. When any danger threatens the bird lays its neck flat on the ground to escape detection. The males and females of these birds are practically of the same colour, and the male sits on the eggs more than the female, especially at night, and often day and night during the last few days.

At the Melbourne Zoo a hen emu was accidentally killed when she had laid several eggs. The male promptly took complete charge of them, hatched them, and reared them single-handed.

We often notice that when a male bird is brightly coloured he rarely goes near the sitting bird; but, should the birds be of the same colour, the male usually takes his full share of the hatching process.

Some brightly-coloured birds, such as cockatoos, parrots, and kingfishers, nest in hollows, either in trees or in the banks of rivers, for purposes of concealment.

THE SEARCH FOR OIL

A British oil company is surveying the delta of the Orinoco River, in Venezuela, from two flying boats. It is hoped to locate oil-fields, and to see at once the most suitable routes and waterways by which the fields can be reached.

FUR-HUNTERS IN BRITAIN

The Fashionable Mole USEFUL CREATURE THAT WARS ON INSECT PESTS

By Our Country Correspondent

Moles are being caught in increasing numbers just now for their skins.

It is unfortunate for the mole when its skin becomes a fashionable fur, but such is the case at the present time, and as a good price is offered for its skin it becomes the prey of the hunter.

Just now it is busily engaged in excavating its underground home, and the throwing up of the little hillocks easily marks its presence.

The home of the mole is a masterpiece of subterranean engineering, and the real fortress where it lives and hides and keeps its young is not the hillock, but is away in some less explored part of the field. The hillock is simply the place where the excavated earth is thrown up.

The mole does not always work at the same depth. Sometimes its tunnels are quite near the surface, particularly if it excavates when snow has fallen; but at other times, especially after a drought such as we have had this summer, it will go far down.

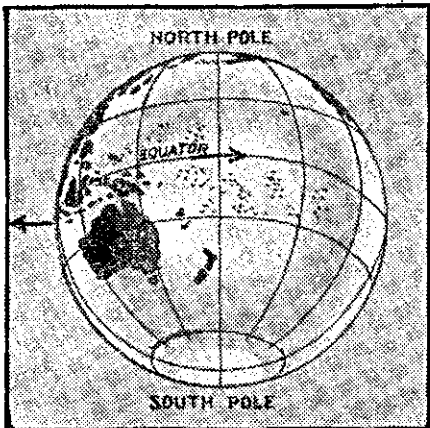
On the question of damage there is much difference of opinion. Of course, the farmer, who has the appearance of his pastures spoilt by the throwing up of molehills, and his reaping machines damaged by the blunting of the knives as they strike the hillocks, regards the mole as an unmitigated pest.

But it must be remembered that this little animal also does much good.

In the first place it eats a good many mice and shrews. Then, in the second place, its tunnelling turns over a good deal of clogged earth to the advantage of the soil. And in the third place it destroys large numbers of wireworms and leather-grubs.

It is no vegetable feeder, and as it has an enormous appetite, one mole must be responsible for very many insects. The vendetta against the mole therefore is not justified.

THE EARTH SEEN FROM THE SUN



The earth at midnight on any day in December as it would be seen through a telescope from the sun. The lines of latitude and longitude are put in to show the tilt. The arrows show the way the earth is travelling and rotating.

Newspaper Notes and Queries

Where is the Grain Coast? It is part of the West African coast—reaching from longitude 8 to 11.

What is a Vade Mecum? A handbook or something similar that a person carries as a guide and constant companion. The words are Latin, and mean Go with me.

What are the Stannaries? Districts in Devon and Cornwall which elect stannators, who meet in what is called the Stannary Parliament and form Stannary Courts to regulate affairs among the tin miners, now out of work. Stannum is the Latin word for tin.

WAIFS OF CAIRO GOOD WORK FOR EGYPTIAN BOYS

The Six-Nation Committee and What It is Doing CAREERS FOR STREET ARABS

From a Correspondent in Cairo

We gladly publish this announcement of a good work being done for the children of Egypt, upon whom there will rest, in the coming generation, the responsibility for the good government and prosperity of Pharaoh's land.

As the future of the British Empire will depend upon the British children of today, upon their character and enlightenment, so will the future history of Egypt on the Egyptian boys and girls who now, almost from babyhood, help to till the cotton-fields and take care of the flocks of queer-looking Egyptian sheep, goats, and donkeys.

What is being done to equip them for the responsibility that lies before them?

Making Good Citizens

Until now there has been no law in Egypt making education compulsory and, as a result, ninety out of every hundred of the Egyptian people do not know how to read and write. That is one matter which calls for immediate reform. Unfortunately, too, the religious laws make it very easy for a man to send away his wife and her children, and very often, the mother being too poor to provide food and clothing for them, the children are abandoned to beg or die.

There are thousands of such Egyptian children living and sleeping in the streets. Passing along at night-time the traveller sees them lying together in heaps—ragged, dirty, and diseased.

Last year a committee of six nationalities was formed in Cairo—with English, Egyptian, French, Syrian, Jewish, and Greek members—to consider what could be done for these outcast children, and it was decided to open a Home where they might be cared for, educated, taught useful trades, and trained to take their part in the future government of their land. The Home, called the Brotherhood Waifs' Home, situated at Shubra, a district of Cairo, has already 120 boys being trained in it.

Children Without Friends

They are wonderfully intelligent, and need only the opportunity to learn. It is proposed to open a similar Home for girls as soon as sufficient money is collected. Think of the misery such boys and girls must suffer—often without homes, mothers, fathers, teachers, or friends—and of the difference it may make to Egypt and the world if these children can be saved and made into useful citizens.

Even the children of Great Britain may do something to overcome prejudice and promote international goodwill by showing sympathy for these less fortunate little ones. Pictures on page 12

BIGGEST ROPE KNOWN Two Miles Long

The longest and heaviest rope in the world has just been made at Milwaukee, and is now being used at a copper mine in Michigan.

It is part of a gigantic hoisting apparatus driven by steam, and the rope used is nearly two miles long and weighs over twenty tons.

The whole apparatus weighs 800 tons, and hoists ten tons of ore at a maximum speed of 3200 feet a minute. The slip in which the rock is brought up weighs five tons, and at normal speed the apparatus will hoist this, with its load of ore, through 10,000 feet in four minutes eight seconds.

The drum on which the rope coils weighs about 200 tons and is in 48 sections. The whole apparatus is regarded as a triumph of engineering, and is the largest steam-driven hoist in the world.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

Little Puzzles in Natural History

Answered by Our Natural Historian

All questions must be asked on postcards, and not more than one question on each card

How Long Does a Dove Live?

Several instances are on record of doves that exceeded twenty years, the patriarch attaining twenty-six years. But care and thought are necessary.

Which British Spiders are Dangerous to Human Beings?

None. All spiders have poison glands, but they do not bite us. The only spider to be feared is the tarantula, and that is not British.

Do Wild Pigeons Live in Captivity?

Every breed of pigeons descends from captive wild ones. But the blue rocks are very strong; the writer lost his first pair through their forcing the bolting wires of their loft.

Does a Parrot Require Water for Drinking and Bathing?

Parrots should always have a liberal supply of drinking water, for they are thirsty birds. They never bath in water, but require plenty of sand or dust for their toilet, as larks and poultry do.

Is there a Gorilla Living in England Now?

There ought to be, but there is not. Johnnie, beloved of thousands at the Zoo, was sold this year to America for £1000, pined for his mistress on the voyage, and died after reaching New York.

What is "Tennis Leg"?

"Tennis leg" is the layman's description of a rupture of the tendon of Achilles, which attaches the muscle of the calf to the heel. It was supposed by ancient surgeons to be fatal, but it is easily cured by modern surgery.

Does a Sparrow-Hawk Destroy its Prey with its Beak or Talons?

It seizes and carries with its talons; it rends with the beak. The mid-air grip with the talons might be fatal in the case of a delicate bird, but, generally speaking, the finishing stroke must fall from the beak.

Is the Cuckoo a Cruel Bird?

An adult may carry away a victim's egg and eat it, but not all cuckoos do; and the young cuckoo empties the nest of foster brothers. This, we must remember, is a realm in which not only do guests eat their hosts, but children eat their parents!

Can Rice be Grown from a Grain in the Greenhouse?

Many interesting experiments inspire one to say "Try." But for success rice must have moisture in the soil rather than in the air, and that means a periodical steeping of the roots in water for days, perhaps weeks, together.

Can Birds Foretell Weather?

In the sense of prophecy they cannot. Driven from shores where the conditions are inclement, they indicate to us the nature of the weather which may follow in their wake. That is all. The human Meteorological Office is increasingly superior to that of birds and animals.

Can Fish Communicate with One Another?

The ear in fish plays the part of a balancing organ and nothing more. Fishes do not hear. But, as certain fish have sound-making organs, we must assume that they possess a sensory mechanism that detects vibrations independently of the ears. In that case we should say that fish can communicate with one another.

What is Anthrax? An infectious disease of cattle and sheep caused by bacteria. On the continent of Europe it was a most devastating plague till Pasteur studied the disease and found a way of protecting animals from its full virulence. He gave them doses of the weakened germs, as described in an interesting illustrated article on Widen-ing the Road to Health and Happiness in My Magazine—the C.N. monthly—for January, now lying on the bookstalls.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM STRANGE APPEARANCE IN CASSIOPEIA'S CHAIR

Bright Light that Blazed Up in the Sky GREAT HOST OF SPARKLING SUNS

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

Nearly 350 years ago, in the year 1572, a brilliant new star, brighter even than Venus, appeared among the stars of Cassiopeia, a constellation now nearly overhead of an evening.

Subsequently an idea got about that this new star might have been the Star of Bethlehem that had reappeared.

The reason for this supposition was that 308 years before, in 1264, it was believed that a new star had appeared in this region of the sky; moreover, one is recorded to have blazed up in 945 A.D.

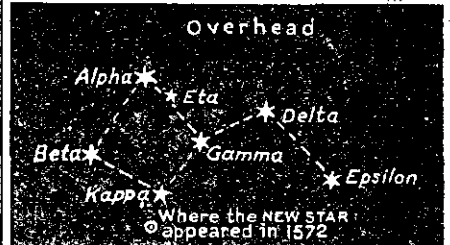
Now, if these were successive apparitions of the same star which reappeared at intervals of from 308 to 320 years, it was seen that, reckoning backwards, this star would probably have blazed forth about the time of Christ's birth.

This possibility was believed until quite recently, but now that 349 years have elapsed and it has not reappeared the old theory is increasingly doubtful.

Clusters of Stars

The exact position where this supposed Star of Bethlehem appeared can be easily found, a little to the north of overhead, between seven and eight o'clock, with the aid of our star-map.

The five chief stars, resembling a distorted W, will be at once recognised, and a sixth and fainter one, known as Kappa, transforms the outline of a W into a chair. These stars are on this



Chief Stars of Cassiopeia's Chair

account popularly known as Cassiopeia's Chair. It was a little to the north of Kappa that the famous star of 1572 appeared, and lasted for 16 months.

This constellation, with the Milky Way behind and far beyond, is very rich in stars, clusters of stars, and nebulae. We can only briefly refer to a few of the brightest of that sparkling host.

Alpha in Cassiopeia, also known as Schedir, the brightest, but far from being the nearest, is a giant sun, pouring forth nearly two hundred times the light of our Sun. Its light has been calculated to take about 140 years to reach us.

Gamma in Cassiopeia, actually composed of two suns, is also approaching us, but each minute brings them but 140 miles nearer. Their light takes 148 years to cross the abyss between us, and the combined light of both these suns is over 250 times that of our own.

Measuring a Star's Distance

Delta in Cassiopeia is much nearer, its light taking about 112 years to come to us, while Beta in Cassiopeia is very much nearer still, the latest and very exact calculations at Mount Wilson Observatory giving but 46 light years by parallax measurement and 47 light years by the spectroscopic method.

Much the nearest of all the stars up there is Eta, a star fainter than the others. This also is composed of two suns—the largest a yellow sun about the same size and very similar to our own, while the smaller one is reddish and is practically a large luminous planet that revolves round the central sun in 196 years. The light from this system takes a little under 17 years to reach us, being 1,090,000 times as far from us as our Sun, though the suns can be seen in a fairly small telescope. G. F. M.

LOST IN THE TRAIN

The Missing Title-Deeds of Medland School

Told by T. C. Bridges, the C.N. Storyteller

CHAPTER 36

Light!

DICKY landed with a thud that knocked all the breath out of his body, and lay gasping, half-stunned, and for the moment unable to remember what had happened.

It was the chill of the icy cold water that brought him to himself, and he clambered up to a sitting position, to realise that he had been lying right under the fall and was soaked to the skin.

Where he was he had not the faintest notion. All he knew was that he had fallen on soft sand, and so had escaped injury.

Then he remembered Tom. "Tom! Tom! Where are you?" he cried out in a perfect agony.

"I—I don't know," came a muffled answer.

Dicky's relief was so great that for a moment he could not speak at all. Until this minute he had never guessed how much the sturdy friendship of Tom Burland meant to him.

"Are—are you hurt, Tom?" he managed to get out.

"Not a bit, I believe; but I think I was a bit stunned at first. I was half buried in the sand, and I've only just managed to get out. What happened?"

"The floor of that upper place gave way," explained Dicky. "That stone we shifted, I expect it was a sort of keystone. But I say, Tom—Dicky's voice was dull with despair—"I'm wet through, and I'm afraid the matches have gone up altogether."

"I fell clear of the water," Tom answered. "Perhaps mine will dry."

There was silence for a moment, broken only by the steady pouring of the little fall. Dicky slowly pulled himself together.

"We might creep along the stream," he said at last.

"But suppose it goes over another fall?" suggested Tom doubtfully.

"We shall hear it before we come to it," replied Dicky. "If we go along the bed of it we can't come to much harm, and it must run out somewhere."

Tom grunted. "All right," he said. "I don't mind."

"Then I'll go first," said Dicky.

Rising slowly, he stretched his hands above his head, but could not touch the roof. By the echoes, too, he knew that they must be in a fair-sized cave. He stooped until he felt the water, then began wading very slowly down the stream, dragging his feet so as not to risk going headlong into some deep pool or hole.

Of all the long underground journey that he and Tom had made that day this was infinitely the worst part. Dicky was wet to the skin, shivering with cold, and very tired.

Dicky's eyeballs ached in the vain straining for the faintest ray. He felt that he would have given anything for even a glimpse of Tom's face.

Added to all this was the terror of the unknown. For Dicky had to acknowledge to himself that neither he nor Tom had the faintest notion where this brooklet was leading them. For all that either of them knew it might pursue its course for miles underground, and at any moment they might come to some narrow pass where it would be utterly impossible to go farther.

And there was no return. That, at any rate, was certain. If the brook failed them, and if they did reach some impassable spot, why then there was nothing for it but to sit and starve to death in the utter darkness.

Dicky's very soul shrank at the prospect, and his teeth chattered with cold and fear combined.

Suddenly his groping fingers met with solid rock, and he stopped short and felt about.

Tom bumped into him. "What's the matter?" he asked. "I've struck rock," replied Dicky, in a voice which he tried hard to keep steady.

Tom did not reply, and Dicky went on feeling his way.

Step by step he worked over to the right. His feet were still in the water, so he knew that he must be moving in the right direction, yet the rock seemed to bar the way, until presently he found himself out of the water and up against the right-hand wall.

He stopped. "Oh, if I could only see!" he cried in despair.

A sharp exclamation from Tom made him jump.

"I can see!" said Tom, in a queer, thick voice. "I've just seen light straight ahead."

CHAPTER 37

The Voice

POOR old Dicky did not believe that Tom had seen a light. He thought that his eyes were playing him tricks, and he said so.

Tom was quite indignant. "I tell you I'm certain," he answered sharply.

"Can you see it now?"

"No, it's gone again."

"But where could it come from? There's nothing but rock in front of us."

"There isn't. There's a hole, and the brook goes through it. Listen! You can hear it."

Dicky listened, and presently was convinced that Tom was right. He worked back until his feet were in the water again, then stooped down and felt about. And as he did so he, too, caught a faint gleam of light.

"You're right!" he exclaimed in intense excitement. "I've seen it, too."

"Told you I wasn't dreaming," grunted back Tom. "Is there any way through?"

"There's a crack," replied Dicky, in a voice which trembled slightly with excitement. "Oh, if we only had a light!"

"Well, there must be someone at the other end who's got one. Shout!" advised Tom.

Dicky let out a piercing yell. The echoes nearly deafened them both. Tom shouted, too, and they kept at it for some seconds. Then all of a sudden the light appeared again and a hoarse voice came rumbling up out of the distance. "Who is it? Is someone there?"

"Yes—yes!" shrieked Dicky.

"Great Scott!" came back the voice in a tone of the most utter amazement. "Is it possible?"

Dicky paid no attention to the remark. All he thought of was reaching the light. There was an opening, he found, but it was only about three feet high, and that was why he had not noticed it before. Now he managed to squeeze into it.

"This way, Tom," he said.

The water was deeper here, and Dicky had to crawl in it on hands and knees. The tunnel was a mere burrow, so narrow that in places he could barely squeeze through.

But Dicky hardly gave a thought to the discomforts. His eyes were on the light, and so long as he could reach that nothing else mattered.

A sand drift rose in front, and he had to scrape it aside before he could force his way through, but once on the other side the light was clearer. The roof was a little higher, and he crawled more rapidly. Then the tunnel began to slope, and suddenly he found himself sliding forward.

He tried to stop himself, but failed. He went quicker and

quicker, and next moment, in the midst of a small avalanche of sand, shot, head foremost, through the opening from which the light came, to land with a tremendous splash in a small pool of water.

Instantly a pair of strong hands grasped him and picked him, dripping, out of the pool. He was hardly out before Tom came sliding after, but he, luckily, fell on his feet, and so escaped the plunge.

Dicky, dazed and half blind with the unaccustomed light, heard a voice addressing him in a tone of sheer amazement.

"Who are you? Where have you come from?"

He blinked up at his questioner, and saw a tall, sparely-built man, with a clean-shaven face and big bony nose.

"I—that is, we—come from Medland, sir. We've come through the caves."

"What caves?"

"I don't know, sir. All sorts. We got in near the top of the cliff out to the left of the gorge. Where are we now, sir?"

"You are in Cripp's Cavern. And—and you seem to have done what I have been trying in vain to do for years past."

CHAPTER 38

Opening the Bag

DICKY merely stood and stared. "Tell me," said the other eagerly—"tell me, did you see any bones or fossils?"

"Yes, lots," replied Dicky, and, putting a hand into his sopping pocket, took out two or three of the objects he had picked out of the sand in the upper cave.

The tall man fairly snatched them and held his light close to them.

"A tooth of the machaerodus!" he exclaimed, and his voice quivered with excitement. "And—and this is a portion of the jaw of the cave bear. My lad, I congratulate you!"

Dicky did not answer. Now that the first delight of feeling himself safe had passed, he was feeling bitterly cold. His teeth began to chatter.

The tall man's expression changed. He seemed suddenly to realise the plight of the two boys.

"Dear me!" he exclaimed. "But you are terribly wet. You will be catching cold, I fear. Come with me to the keeper's house. There will be a fire there, and something to eat."

"You must forgive me," he continued, quite kindly. "I am Professor Perrin, and cave exploration is my hobby. I have long suspected that there were fresh

caverns close by, yet never have I been able to find a way into them. Over tea you must tell me all about them."

Dicky ventured to remonstrate. "It's very good of you, sir, but we have to be back at the school by half-past six."

The Professor merely smiled.

"Do not worry yourselves, my boys. I will drive you back to the school in my car after tea, and will explain matters to Dr. Fair, with whom I am well acquainted. If I tell him of your discovery I do not think that he will be hard upon you."

He spoke in rather a stilted way, but there was real kindness in his manner, and Dicky instinctively trusted him.

All this time he was hurrying them out through the main cave. This was a regular show place, properly lighted and with a made pathway through it.

In a very few minutes they were outside; and Dicky felt a thrill of delight at once more seeing green fields and trees which, only a little while ago, he had never expected to see again.

The keeper's house was only a few yards away; and the poor man, whose name was Rudge, got the shock of his life when the two boys were brought into the warm, well-lighted living-room.

"Wherever have the young gents been to?" he exclaimed.

Dicky, seeing himself in a glass, did not wonder at Rudge's question, for he and Tom looked like a couple of scarecrows, their clothes soaked, covered with mud, and torn in every direction, their faces white and scratched, their knuckles bleeding, even their boots broken and with the soles half off.

Mrs. Rudge, a stout, comfortable-looking woman, took charge of them at once, found some clothes that had once belonged to her own boys, now grown up, got hot water and towels, and gave them a room in which to change.

"And by the time you're ready, tea will be ready, too," she told them, as she left them.

"And I shall be ready for tea," said Tom, with a grin, as she went out.

It was pure joy to strip, wash, have a good rub down, and get into dry things, and neither of them wasted much time about it. But, quick as they were, Mrs. Rudge was quicker, and tea was on the table by the time they got down.

For the moment the boys forgot all their troubles in the enjoyment of the good things. They were desperately tired and stiff, but even more desperately hungry. Mrs. Rudge was delighted with their appetites, and heaped up their plates, and the Professor blinked at them amiably and plied them with questions about the caves.

Dicky did most of the talking, but was very careful not to say a word about Janion, and Tom followed his lead. They allowed the Professor to think that they had just been exploring.

"And these fossils," said the Professor, who was fairly gloating over the fragments which Dicky had given him. "I will buy them from you, Dent."

"Buy them!" exclaimed Dicky. "No fear, sir! I'm only too glad you like them. I'll get you a lot more another time."

"You don't know their value, my boy," answered the Professor, but, like the gentleman he was, did not press the matter.

Tea over, the Professor went out to get the car. Tom took Dicky aside.

"I say, have you got the bag, Dicky?"

"Yes; it's rather wet, but all right," replied Dicky, producing it from under his coat. He glanced round to make sure no one was looking, then pressed the catch and opened it.

Tom looked at him blankly. "Why, it's empty!" he cried.

TO BE CONTINUED

Five-Minute Story

The Present

"SIX shillings is a lot of money," said Harold seriously. "We ought to get Mother a nice present with it. It's no use just wasting it. Let's give her something she wants."

"I know," said Polly joyfully. "A hen! Mother was telling Mrs. Beedle last week she was going to keep hens herself as eggs were so dear. Let's buy her a hen."

It was a splendid idea. It was tiresome having to wait till market-day, but it came really on the most convenient day, on Christmas Eve.

What a surprise it would be! There were lots of hens in the market, and it was difficult to choose the nicest. Polly wanted a brown one. Harold preferred a white, so in the end they chose a speckled one. It was sold to them for six shillings, and the woman said it laid lovely eggs.

"I can carry it home, easy," said Harold.

But, you see, he had never tried before. That hen was a terror. She curled round when held by the legs, and pecked. She squawked so loudly when held by her wings that passers-by turned and stared.

Polly tried holding her by the tail, but alas! out came the feathers, and away flew the hen into a draper's shop.

Of course, Polly and Harold had to go after her, and what a chase they had! The hen flew on to the counter, tangling herself in some ribbon which was being measured; then off she dashed, beating her wings in the face of an assistant, who screamed.

The shopwalker and some of the customers helped in the chase, and the shopwalker would have caught the fugitive had not someone opened the door. Out flew the hen into the street, so startling a woman wheeling a perambulator that she turned it sharply, and nearly upset the baby, who screamed.

Harold succeeded at last in driving the wretched bird into a corner and holding her while Polly grabbed her legs. A regular crowd followed them, laughing and teasing. Polly's face was as red as fire, and Harold was in a regular temper. They had left the town behind them, but they weren't home yet.

"Oh!" squealed Harold. He had just been going to say what a fine hen she was, when she pecked him viciously.

Of course Harold let go—and away ran the hen, crowing in triumph. But the triumph was short, for round the corner came a motor—and it ran right over that bird before you could say "Jack Robinson."

"And the man never even stopped to ask if he'd killed it," sobbed Polly, when they told Mother the tragic story.

But Mother was a wonderful comforter.

"It will be just beautiful boiled for lunch," she said.

And it was!



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A Merry Christmas From Dr. Merryman



Dr. MERRYMAN

It happened just before they broke up for the holidays. "Have any of you ever seen a tiger's skin?" asked the school-master.

His pupils remained mute, with the exception of a boy at the bottom of the class.

"Yes, sir!" he exclaimed.

"Where?" demanded the master.

"On a tiger," replied the boy.

The Greedy Child

"FEE, fo, fum!"

Who is that a-knocking?"

"Father Christmas, come

To fill your stocking."

"Is that all?"

Little Tommy blubbered;

"Stocking is so small;

Why not fill the cupboard?"

What Am I?

A RIVER in England my first,
A measure of land is my third,
My second is naught but a vowel,
And my whole is a medical herb.

Solution next week



Jack Frost Gets Busy

How can we increase the speed
of a slow boat?
Make her fast.

Is Your Name Collier?

THIS originally meant a charcoal-burner, and no doubt some remote ancestor of the people who bear this surname followed the trade of charcoal-burner.



Adventures of Augustus & Marmaduke

AUGUSTUS said to Marmaduke, "I would be a Christmas lark To strike a light when Santa Claus brings presents after dark."

They lay awake for several hours, then someone tried the door.

"Hush!" Marmy said. "I never have seen Santa Claus before."

"Now strike a match!" Augustus cried. "We'll see him in the light!"

It wasn't Santa Claus they saw, but quite a different sight.

"It's only Dad!" said Marmaduke. "Where's Santa Claus?" asked they.

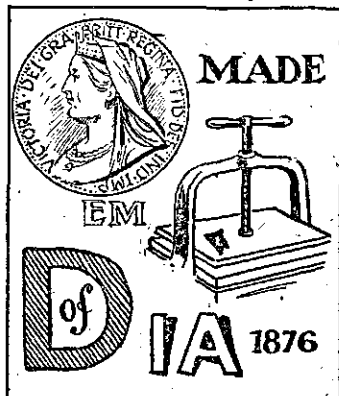
But father he looked rather cross, and then they heard him say:

"When little boys strike matches, they know it isn't right!"

Now Santa will keep far away; he won't come here tonight!"

The Reason Why
WHY did the headmaster break down?
Because he saw the school break up.

Events in History



Do you know what well-known event in English history is represented here?
Solution next week

WHAT kind of words should a parrot use in talking?
Polysyllables.

Christmas

PRESENTS in the stockings;
Holly in the hall;
Christmas Day is bringing
Something for us all;
Puss must have a ribbon,
Robin must have crumbs,
A muffler for the postman—
It's waiting till he comes!

Parcels in the kitchen
And in the nursery;
Parcels, big and little,
For everyone and me;
And a parcel for old Goody.
We'll take her when we go;
For Christmas must bring something
For everyone, you know!

As Others See Us

WALKING into a hatter's shop, the young man asked:
"If I wear one of your new shape hats, shall I look like the man in your advertisement?"
"Quite!" replied the salesman.
"Oh! Thanks!" said the prospective customer. "Then I think I'll have one of the others."

WHAT part of a grandfather's clock reminds you of Christmas Eve?

The weights (waits).

Pride—and the Fall

THERE once was a kitten named Jane
Who was so conceited, though plain,
That she fell in a lake
Which she thought by mistake
Was a looking-glass. Wasn't she vain?

The Boys and the Apples

THREE boys—George the eldest, Harry the next, and Jack the youngest—had a bag of apples divided between them. George was given half the total number and one apple; Harry was given half of what was left and one apple, and Jack received half of what was then left and one apple. In this way all the apples were distributed.
How many did each receive?

Solution next week

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

The Farmer and His Sheep

He had 61 sheep

What Letters are These?

X Y D (Exe, Wye, Dee); L E G (Elegy); N R G (Energy); U X L (You excel).

Who Was He?

The Poet Professor was Thomas Gray

Mother Jacko's Ghost

MOTHER JACKO had barely got over one shock before she got another. Two days after they missed the mutton a joint of beef disappeared. It had been cooked and partly eaten for dinner, but when Mother Jacko went to the larder for it the next day not a sign of it was to be seen.

"Mercy on me!" she cried, collapsing into the nearest chair. "What possesses the things? Jacko," she called out, "you didn't tell a story when you said you hadn't eaten that leg of mutton the other day, did you?"

"No, Mater!" answered Jacko. "I wouldn't do that."

"No, I don't believe you would," said his mother, patting him on the shoulder. "But I'm sure I don't know what to think. Somebody's taking the food; the beef's gone now."

Jacko whistled. "Coo!" he exclaimed. "There must be someone in the house."

"What!" screamed Mother Jacko. "I said the house was haunted."

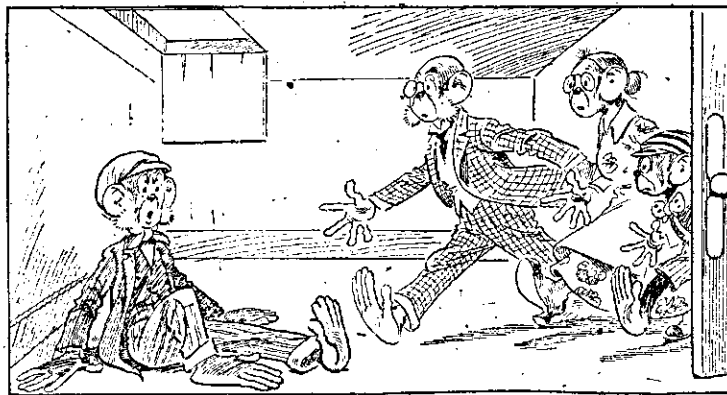
"No, no, Mater. I don't mean a ghost," said Jacko. "I mean someone real—in hiding."

"Hiding? Nonsense! Where could they hide?" said his father. "Haven't we searched the house from top to bottom?"

Suddenly, as he spoke, there came a terrific thud overhead.

Mother Jacko turned as white as a sheet and clutched her husband's arm.

"That's it! The ghost!" she said, in a frightened whisper.



They all rushed into the room

"Then it's a pretty substantial one," said Father Jacko, shaking her off and making for the door.

Jacko grinned, took to his heels, and shot past him.

"Coo!" he cried a minute later. "It's a man! Coo! He has come a cropper. Dropped through the trapdoor. I never noticed that loft—did you, Dad?" he added, as his father rushed into the room.

The man on the floor sat up and looked round.

"What do you want?" he asked, rubbing his head as if it hurt him. "Why have you come here, disturbing me?"

"Disturbing you!" exclaimed an indignant voice from the doorway—it was Mother Jacko's. "I like that! Who took the dinner?"

"I did," said the unfortunate wretch; "but I left the money to pay for it on the mantelpiece. You'll find it there if you look. How do you think I could get out while you were about? I've been here three weeks. I'm going directly I can find a place to go to," he added dolefully.

"So are we!" exclaimed Mother Jacko. "I never heard anything so extraordinary in my life. Poor fellow! Come downstairs. If I'd got anything in the larder I'd say come and have a bit."

The man got up slowly. "There's a tidy piece of the beef left," he said, glancing up at the loft. "But I don't know how I'm to get it—I've left my ladder up there."

"Jacko'll fetch it," said his father.

And Jacko did; and soon they were all sitting comfortably round the kitchen table, talking what Mother Jacko called "nineteen to the dozen."

Light from the Water Tap

The paragraph on the right is the French translation of the paragraph on the left. An ingenious Frenchman is lighting his home by electricity generated by the household water supply.

A little water wheel enclosed in a small metal box is supplied with water from an ordinary tap and coupled to a small generator similar in pattern to those used for lighting motor-cars. The waste water is collected, too, and used at odd times for driving the dynamo, the current being stored in accumulators.

L'Éclairage au Robinet

Un Français ingénieux éclaire sa maison à l'électricité fournie par le service des eaux.

Une petite roue de moulin, renfermée dans une boîte de métal, reçoit l'eau du robinet. Elle active un petit générateur du genre en usage pour éclairer les autos. L'eau qui a servi est recueillie et sert, de temps à autre, à faire marcher une dynamo dont le courant est emmagasiné dans des accumulateurs.

Tales Before Bedtime

Daddie's Pen

TEDDIE was busy filling Daddie's fountain-pen, when he caught sight of the old gardener.

"Don't go, Mr. James!" he cried, poking his head out of the window. "I want to speak to you most particularly."

Teddie wiped the pen, put the cap on, and ran into the study with it. Daddie wasn't there. "He'll be in the garden," he thought. So he put the pen in his pocket, and hurried out.

Mr. James was piling up a load of leaves on a wheelbarrow, trundling it along the path, and emptying it by the tool-shed.

"I'll do that!" Teddie cried, quite forgetting what he had come for. "Do let me; I'd love to," and he caught up the handles and set off with it.

He pitched out his load and scampered back for another. It was fun! He took five loads, and was terribly disappointed when there were no more to take.

But just then the gong went for dinner, and he had to go in.

As he took his seat at the table, Daddie looked up from the joint he was carving, and said: "Where's my pen?"

"In my pocket," said Teddie, feeling for it. "At least it was—but it's gone!"

"Oh, Teddie!" cried his mother in dismay.

It was Daddie's precious pen. Teddie knew how he valued it.

"It must have dropped out in the garden," he said. "I'll go and hunt for it."

But though he hunted, and Daddie and Mummie too, they could not find it.

Daddie didn't scold, but he was terribly vexed.

After dinner Teddie wandered



Teddie started off

out to make another search all alone.

Old Mr. James was sweeping up the litter of leaves round the big heap he had made in the morning. Teddie leaned against the roller and watched him.

Suddenly he sprang forward with a little cry.

All at once the sun had burst through the clouds, and was shining on something hard and round sticking up among the rubbish. It was the pen!

Teddie pounced on it, and flew off with it to the house.

"Here it is, Daddie!" he shouted. "The sun found it. Oh, I am so glad!"

The Children's newspaper grows out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world. The Magazine appears on the 15th of each month, and the Editor's address is: Arthur Lee, Fleetway House, Farringdon St., London, E.C.4.

CHILDRENS NEWSPAPER

December 24, 1921

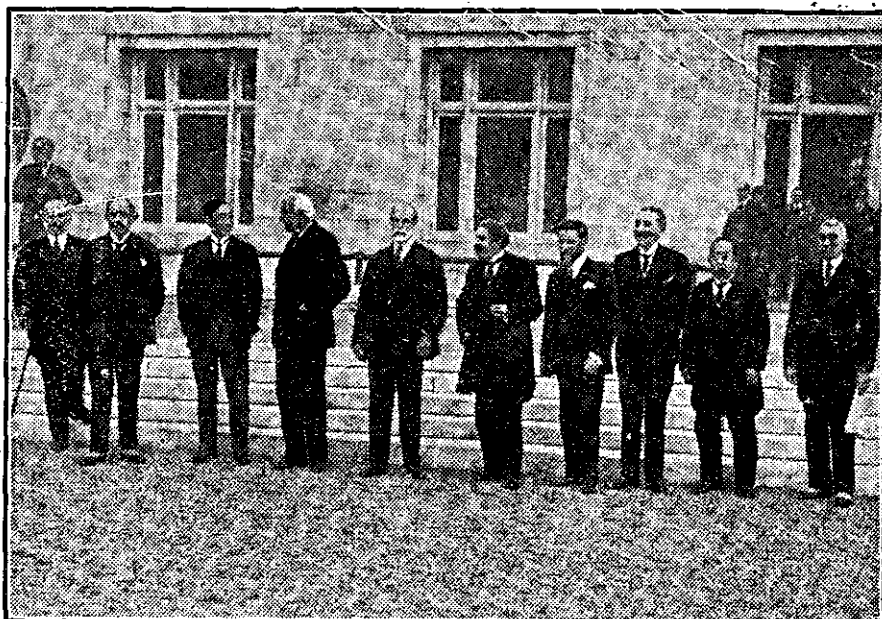
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SKATING BEGINS · TRAINING YOUNG EGYPT · NEW JAPAN IN OLD LONDON



Winter Snow in the Alps—Winter has begun in real earnest, and the Continent of Europe has been suffering from very severe weather. Heavy snows have fallen in the Alps, and here we get a peep at the beautiful mountains covered with their soft, white mantle.



Representatives of the Nations—These are the heads of the delegations at the Disarmament Conference at Washington. Reading from the right are the representatives of Portugal, Japan, Belgium, Italy, France, U.S.A., Britain, China, Holland, and the Secretary.



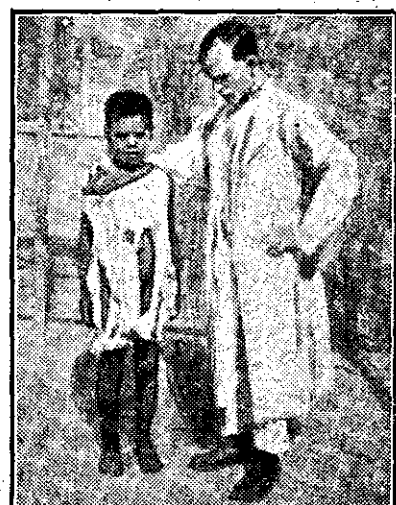
A Plucky Young Naturalist—Guy Wernham, a London boy, who is going to West Africa to collect insects. See page 3.



Live Toys for Christmas—The giving of live pets as Christmas presents is increasing, and here we see a little London girl buying a chameleon in London.



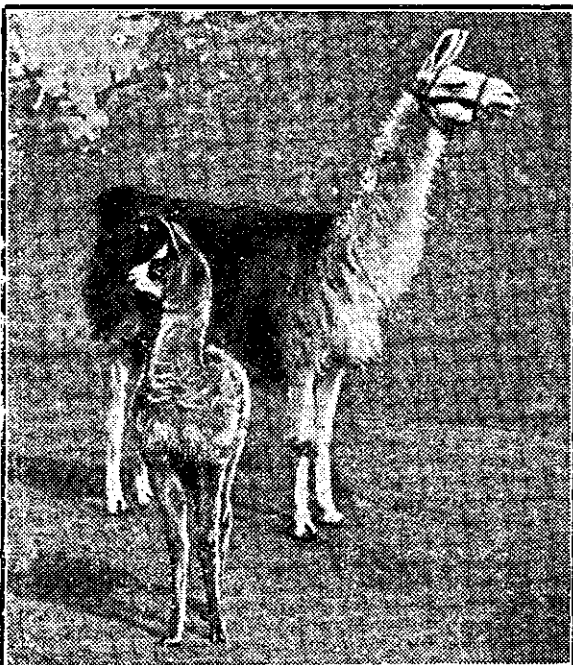
First Skating of the Year—The spell of bitterly cold weather in Europe has frozen most of the waterways of Holland, and skating has begun in real earnest. Here we see a merry party enjoying a spin on one of the ice-covered canals. The Dutch are particularly skillful skaters and love the healthy recreation.



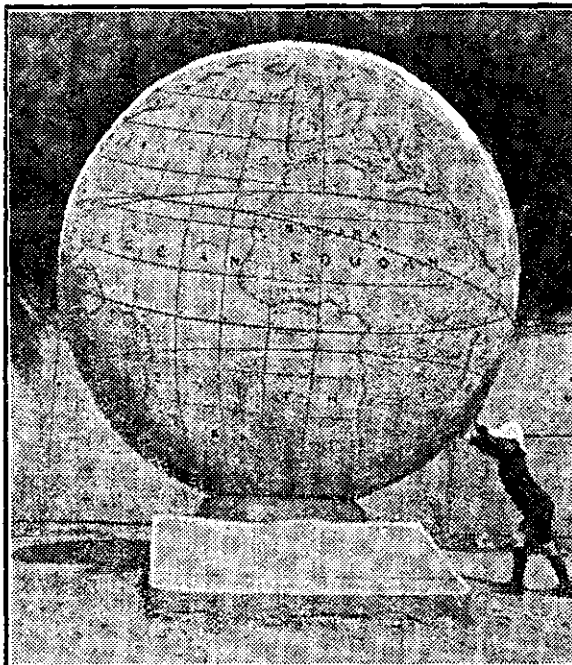
Helping Waifs—A home for waifs, like this boy, has been started in Cairo.



Making Useful Citizens [in Egypt]—After a month's training in the Waifs' Home at Cairo, the boys become skillful carpet weavers, as shown here. See page 9.



Baby Llama Born in England—It is not often that llamas are born in this country, but here is a pretty little animal that was born in a private zoo in Bedfordshire recently.



Young Atlas Tries to Move the World—This boy is doing his best to move the world, but he finds that the great stone globe at Swanage, in Dorset, is very firmly established.



New Japan in Old London—These Japanese officers, who are touring the world as part of their education, were very interested in the Tower of London and the Beefeaters.